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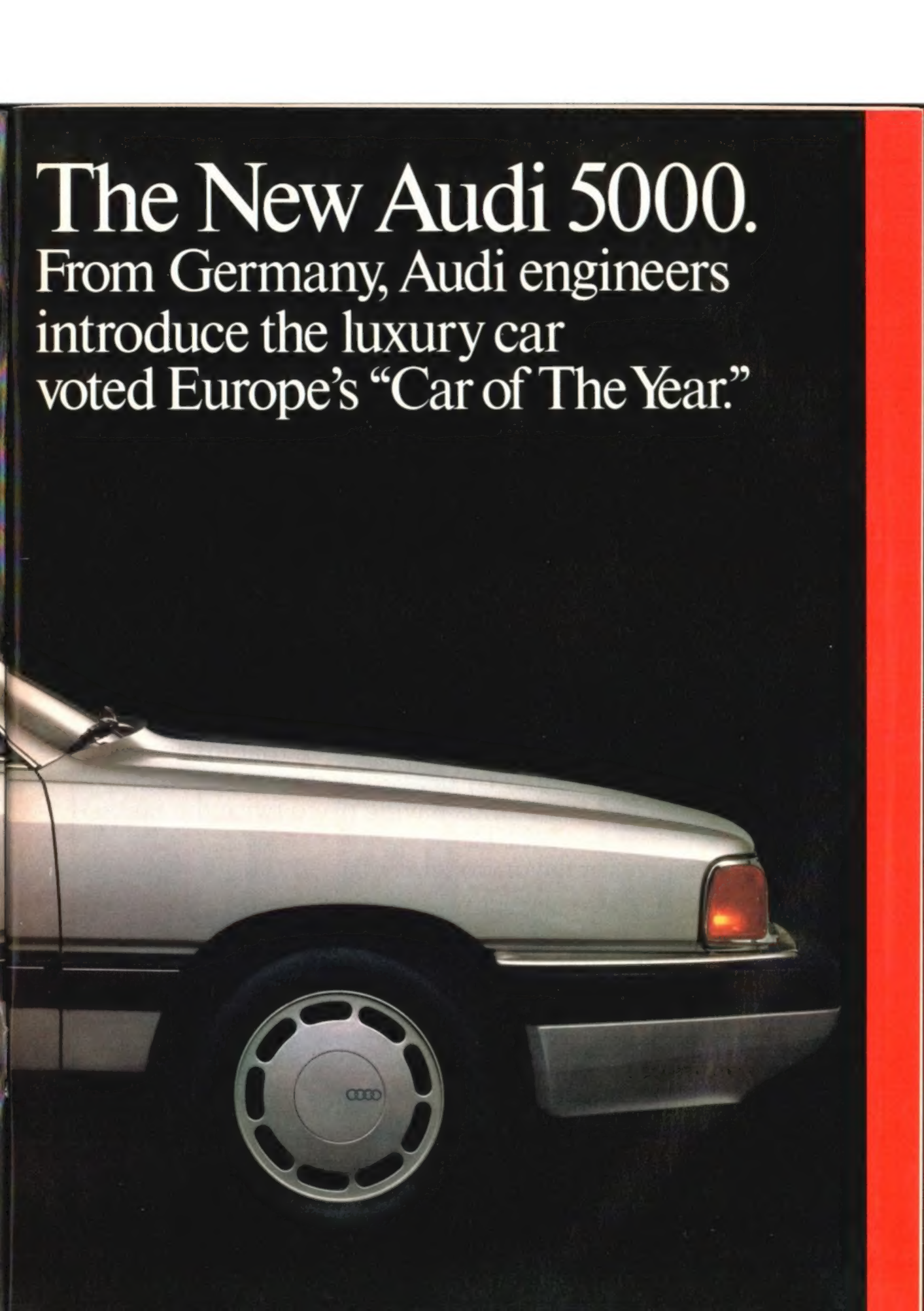

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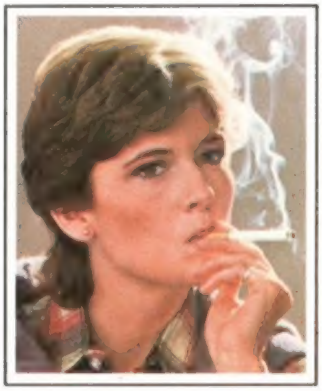

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JUNE 13, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 24

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The business of photographing in a war zone carries inevitable risks, and in Lebanon, just about the riskiest war zone in the world, no one takes unnecessary chances or travels any place where the risks ominously outweigh the opportunities. But says TIME Photographer Bill Pierce, "Some days you are wrong. One day last week we were wrong." Pierce, Associated Press Photographer Bill Foley and their Lebanese driver had been headed to get pictures in the Bekaa Valley when Syrian soldiers at a checkpoint about 50 miles northeast of Beirut ordered them out of their car and threatened to kill them as spies.

One officer hit Pierce in the shoulder while a soldier pressed a Kalashnikov assault rifle into his back. Another officer struck Foley in the face several times and leveled a 9-mm pistol at his head. The soldiers severely beat the driver, who suffered a broken finger and thumb as well as multiple bruises. Pierce was bound with wire and taken to a Syrian military headquarters in Tripoli.

Says Pierce: "We were lucky not to be killed before we reached Tripoli. But once there, we were unbound, served coffee and juice and interrogated almost conversationally. After a few phone calls to verify our credentials, we were released, with profuse apologies from the officer in charge." Except for the driver's wounds, the chief regret for Pierce, who won the 1982 Overseas Press Club award for photoreporting from abroad, and Foley, Pulitzer prizewinner for 1982 for his photos of the Beirut massacre (one of which appeared on TIME's Sept. 27 cover in most editions): no pictures that day.

ZOUHEIR SAADE—AP

Pierce, left, and Foley safely back in Beirut

■ ■ ■

There are no Los Angeles natives, it is said, only immigrants. For the contributors to this week's cover story, the cliché was nearly true: Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate has been there only two years, while Correspondent Steven Holmes transferred from Chicago last year, Alessandra Stanley arrived six months before that, and Joseph Kane came five years ago. Picture Researcher Martha Haymaker has seniority with 15 years' residence. But an exception marks every rule: Reporter Laura Meyers, who turned up statistics more current than the U.S. Census Bureau's, is a lifelong Angeleno.

John a. Meyers

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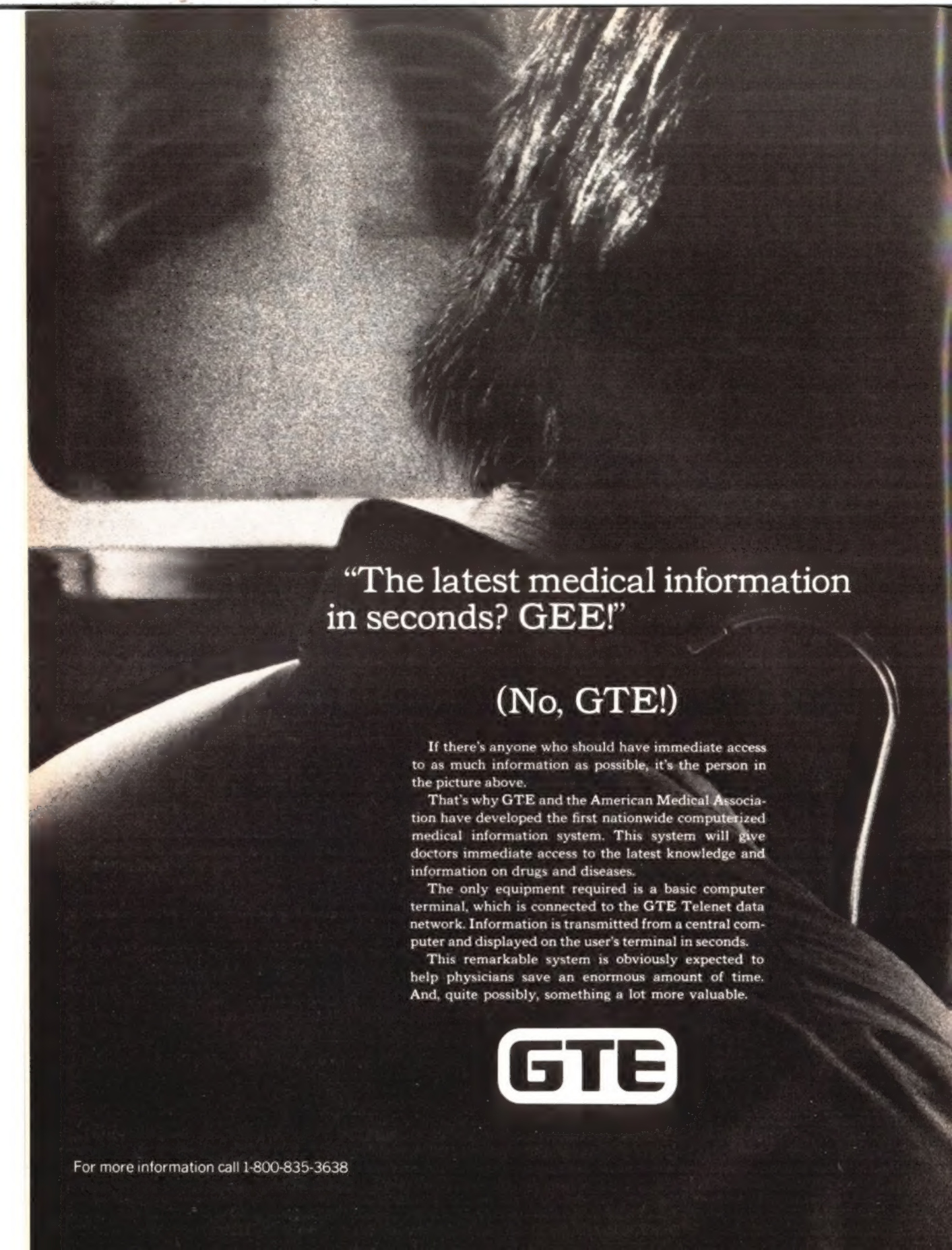
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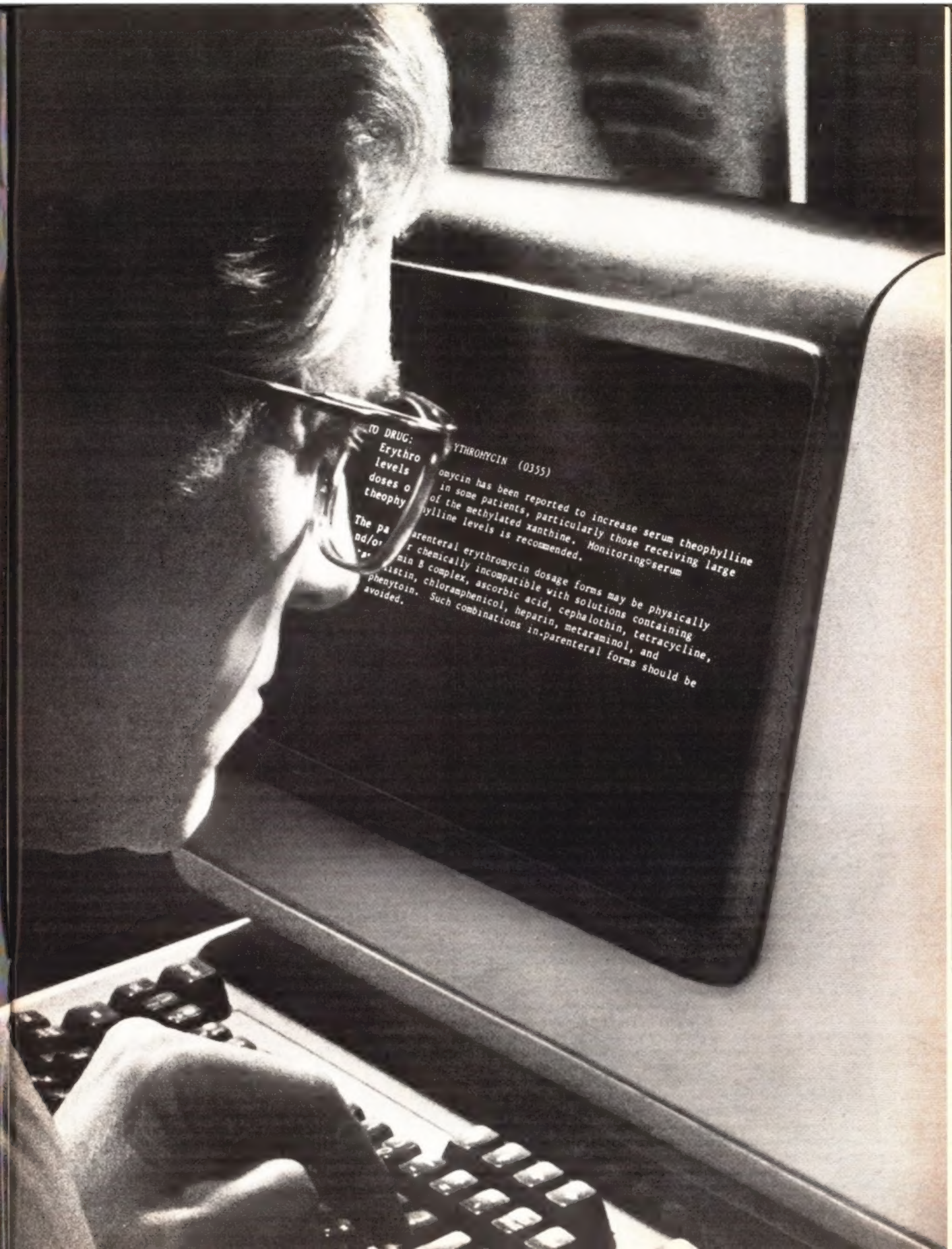
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Letters

Star Wars Magic

To the Editors:

No one, save Walt Disney, matches the creativeness of George Lucas [May 23], the originator of the ceaseless wonders of the Star Wars universe. If anything is retained from Lucas' magical movies, it should be the concept that peace and good will always triumph.

Jeff M.P. McFarland
San Francisco

What a dastardly deed you committed, revealing the secret and outcome of the *Return of the Jedi* before its release! You would make a fine agent for the Empire.

Bill Inman
San Jose, Calif.

Here comes another piece of junk that will be seen by huge numbers and make a vast amount of money.

Henry Baker
Denver

Lucas is a moral visionary who provides a heroic model for young people. That is the real "Force" underlying his work and the reason for its universal appeal.

Robert James Bidinotto
Milford, Mass.

Dealing with the Deficit

We will not begin to reduce the deficit [May 23] until Congress starts to decrease spending in all areas of the budget except defense. Although painful, it must be done if we are to survive and prosper.

Arthur J. Fredericks Jr.
Herndon, Va.

The overriding cause of the economic mess in America today is that our workers do not produce an equivalent or better product for the same amount of money as our foreign competition. When U.S. business can achieve this, prosperity and recovery will occur.

Thomas O. Toone
Higden, Ark.

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Letters

Joining Uncle Sam

I agree that more young people are enlisting in the armed forces [May 23] because of "a perceived threat to national security." I disagree, however, with Major Robert Pistana's remark that to the new generation of recruits "Viet Nam is ancient history, something the old folks talk about." We have not forgotten Viet Nam. We are using it as a model of what not to do in the future.

(Cadet) Regina Belza, R.O.T.C.
Rider College
Lawrenceville, N.J.

With our high unemployment and escalating education costs, I am amazed that more 18- to 21-year-olds do not join the military and take advantage of the education and monetary benefits. I was a high school dropout with no future when I went into the Marine Corps. Now, twelve years later, I am an attorney.

Frank V. Puglia
Chula Vista, Calif.

Forget Me Not

Your Essay on an American memorial to the Holocaust victims [May 23] speculates on the propriety of a monument to an event that is "utterly European" and "a horror in which Americans had no part." The responsibility for the Holocaust should not be limited to the Nazis and their collaborators. We who knew of the horror and did not stop it are also guilty. Reports of the death camps were smuggled to Allied authorities with the urgent appeal that the rail lines to the camps and the gas chambers be bombed. This request was denied because, it was said, these were not military targets. A Holocaust memorial in Washington is not only appropriate but morally mandatory.

Mark O. Cooper
Orlando, Fla.

The proposed Holocaust memorial raises two questions: 1) Why should Americans erect a monument to those who died as a result of a crime in which the U.S. had no part? and 2) Why not commemorate all victims of genocide? The answer to these questions lies in the realization that the destruction of the Jews was an irrational act that had no political, economic or military justification. The slaughter was the logical outcome of a twisted ideology based on the concept of a master race and was a unique phenomenon in history. All countries should have a Holocaust monument so that people will remember the horrors that a perverted idealism can cause.

Eric Ehrenreich
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

The Holocaust museum will be a reminder that man is capable of acts of evil and cruelty so great that they make a mockery of civilized behavior. It is essential to recall this constantly in the hope that similar tragedies will never happen again.

Claudia F. Shapiro
Waterford, Conn.

Training Doctors

The groups who are recommending changes in medical-school education are missing a vital point [May 23]. Instead of changing the curriculum, institutions should concentrate on admitting students with a liberal arts education. If it becomes known that the schools are as eager to accept well-qualified humanities majors as they are to accept those who have concentrated on science, the medical schools will receive applicants with more diverse backgrounds. Only then will we get better educated and more humane doctors.

John Song
Providence

A good physician must be able to inspire hope as well as be a man or woman of medicine. These abilities are best learned from a strong dose of the liberal arts. Anton Chekhov, a doctor who was also a master of the short story, once said, "Medicine is my lawful wife and literature my mistress. When I get tired of one, I spend the night with the other."

Robert C. Hilliard
San Antonio, Texas

The hours in med school are long, and much of the information seems pointless. In addition, ethical, psychological and social issues are neglected in our training. But then, no one asked us to be here.

Julian Orenstein
SUNY/Upstate Medical Center
Syracuse

After three years of pre-med with a consistent 4.0 grade-point average, I abandoned the race for medical school. I knew it was not worth it when I did not have time to play with my dog any more. I have never regretted my decision.

Debbie Interdonato
Brooklyn

Shrinking's Value

Your report on the status of psychotherapy research [May 23] concentrates on only one side of a complex issue. The question "Does psychotherapy work?" cannot be answered scientifically, and it is no wonder that the responses presented in your story showed mixed results. I hope that the parents of an anorectic daughter or a profoundly depressed and suicidal individual do not use your article to fuel their ambivalence and thus fail to seek psychological or psychiatric treatment.

Nathan Hare, Clinical Psychologist
Binghamton, N.Y.

Hurray for Psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld for exposing the fraud called psychotherapy! It is true that decades of research show that there is essentially no benefit to the patients and that professional therapists are no better and no worse than untrained people, such as neighbors or bartenders.

Bernard Rimland, Director
Institute for Child Behavior Research
San Diego

The difference between psychotherapy administered by a psychologist and by a psychiatrist needs to be explained. It is a serious error to say that treatment cannot do much for those suffering from major depression. A psychiatrist well trained in the use of antidepressants and other medications as well as psychotherapy can make great strides in helping to relieve depression and other mental afflictions.

(Mrs.) Oliver David Maggard
Indianapolis

Disobedient Nun

As a Catholic, I am saddened to see the church lose so able an administrator and courageous a nun as Sister Agnes Mary Mansour [May 23]. But by remaining at her post as Michigan's director of social services, she will still be available to the large numbers in that state who need and benefit from her abilities. The requirement of hierarchical obedience should not be allowed to have more force, even within the church, than the goals of human service.

Leslie Ann Budewitz
Billings, Mont.

A nun flouts the moral doctrine of the church about killing a fetus by directing a state agency that administers millions of dollars a year for abortions. She disregards church law and then secedes from ecclesiastical authority by leaving her order. Her superiors blame the departure upon a set of narrow-minded men. St. Teresa of Avila spoke as a good superior should when she condemned pride and self-will. She knew that such actions could only result in heresy, despair and spiritual ruin.

(The Rev.) James McCormick
Garretson, S. Dak.

More power to Sister Agnes Mary Mansour and her very enlightened order of the Sisters of Mercy of the Union. Until the Roman Catholic Church decides it is time to live in the 20th century, its numbers will dwindle and the vocations to the priesthood and convent will continue to plummet.

Mary Grace Lanese
Pennington, N.J.

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There'll be other changes, too.

Long-distance calling will be provided by a new AT&T company, as well as by many other suppliers. But you will still be billed for AT&T-provided long-distance service by your local Bell telephone company.

Local service and access to long distance will still be the responsibility of your local Bell telephone company.

The restructuring of the Bell System means more options for you. For example, right now you can continue to get telephones and other equipment from your local Bell company until their inventories run out. Most Bell companies also are giving you the choice of buying the basic phones you currently lease, and other companies plan to offer that option soon. You also can purchase phones from American Bell and from a variety of other vendors.

We'll provide you with more information in the weeks and months ahead, including how much each option costs, so that you'll be able to choose what's best for you.

We know these changes may take some getting used to. But we're committed to continue giving you the world's best telephone service. It may sound trite today to talk about a "spirit of service." But that's what telephone people have always had, and always will, even though we will be separated in the future.

We're committed to continue bringing you the benefits of new technological breakthroughs.

And, step by step, we're committed to giving you clear, precise information on what the changes in our company mean to you. That's why we've had our Let's Talk program in place since last fall.

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Bell System

TIME/JUNE 13, 1983

After Williamsburg

The summit brings a show of unity, and the Soviets adopt a friendlier tone

The seven world leaders came, ostensibly, to thrash out differences in trade policy and currency rates. But the most important consensus emerging from the ninth annual economic summit in Williamsburg, Va., last week had nothing to do with economics at all. In the hall that once reverberated with Patrick Henry's revolutionary oratory, the U.S., with the stout help of the British, forged an agreement among the allies to support resolutely NATO's plan to deploy nuclear weapons in Western Europe this year if no arms agreement can be reached with the Soviets.

The unified stand was, in part, an acceptance of President Reagan's oft-repeated contention that the Soviets would not seriously pursue arms control until the West resolved to build up its own nuclear arsenal. In Williamsburg, Reagan made a 20-minute plea for solidarity on the missile question. "We've fought together and we've fought each other and now we must stand together," he said. If the allies backed away from their deployment plans, he warned, "there will be laughter in the Kremlin tonight."

Several days later, the Kremlin proffered a sudden and surprising olive branch. The wartime U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, W. Averell Harriman, met for 80 minutes with Soviet Leader Yuri Andropov and quoted him as saying that "the Soviet Union is ready and interested in searching for joint initiatives, which would make the present situation easier." There was no way of knowing whether Andropov's conciliatory tone was prompted by Williamsburg, or whether it was even genuine. Some diplomatic sources were cynical about Andropov's aims, suggesting that he was merely firing another salvo in his "peace offensive" to undercut support for the missile deployments this fall.

Mixed messages: Soviet Leader Andropov and Veteran Diplomat Harriman in Moscow

Officially the Administration appeared willing to accept Andropov's overtures as a tentative thaw in East-West tensions. If Moscow was ready "to take concrete steps" to improve relations, said State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg, it would find "a ready partner" in the Reagan Administration.

Each of the leaders left quaint, historic Williamsburg in a position to claim at least token success. The French, fearful for their falling franc, won an agreement, albeit a decidedly vague one, that measures would be studied to stabilize currency markets. The Japanese escaped direct criticism of their own trade policies while joining in a general condemnation of protectionism. And all of America's trading partners extracted an admission from Washington that uncontrolled budget deficits contribute to rising interest rates and threaten to sap the strength of the budding global recovery. The conferees made no concrete pledges about how these problems would be specifically solved, but they at least came away with a greater sensitivity to one another's concerns.

The significance of the economic declaration will depend on events in Washington, where the White House and Congress have yet to work out a way to deal with the budget deficit, and in the currency markets, where it will soon become clear how sincere is the lip service being given to the goals of exchange-rate stability and coordinated monetary policies. "Williamsburg is only a step on a long road ahead," said French President François Mitterrand.

The summit was a personal success for Ronald Reagan, who helped dissipate doubts about his ability to handle details of diplomacy and diminished his image among Europeans as an unsophisticated and uninformed cowboy. The President came prepared with draft proposals on key issues and suggestions on what to say (one briefing paper that was leaked said that in dealing with Mitterrand, "you can express your support for his efforts at austerity, noting our own program for fighting inflation"). Moreover, he had clearly mastered the material. As planned, Reagan eschewed a formal agenda, emphasizing instead informal exchanges among the leaders of the seven nations (the U.S., France, West Germany, Britain, Italy, Japan and Canada; the European Economic Community was also represented). "The President took a very big gamble that we could have an unstructured summit and still produce results," said Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, usually no fan of Reagan's. "I must say I had to congratulate him for having won that gamble."

The format allowed Reagan to pull off his biggest coup, the reaffirmation of the Western stance on Euromissiles. The U.S. had broached the possibility of making such a declaration two weeks before the summit began, but the idea initially met a cool reception. The French objected to discussing security issues at what was supposed to be an economic summit, particularly since France is not part of the military component of the NATO alliance. Most of the other leaders also expressed skepticism. The U.S. let the Euromissile question drop. Reagan told aides he was leery of raising it for fear of starting the summit off with a fight.

Margaret Thatcher, however, showed no such reluctance. The British and American "sherpas" (so named because they are in charge of preparing for the ascent to a summit) had been consulting on the arms policy issue, and the U.S.

had even privately prepared a draft proposal. When the leaders gathered for their first private dinner, the British Prime Minister argued that a firm stand was necessary to show Western resolve, particularly in the face of Andropov's hamhanded threat on the eve of the summit to place new nuclear weapons in Eastern Europe if NATO proceeded with its deployment plans.

Despite Mitterrand's early objections, a consensus formed that some statement was necessary. Reagan took copious notes on a yellow pad, writing in a small, neat script. When the discussion was over, he brought eight pages to the foreign ministers, who were having brandy and coffee after their dinner upstairs in the restored plantation, and instructed them to shape a formal declaration.

The following morning, the seven leaders resumed their private debate on the draft that had been worked up overnight. Trudeau argued for a more visionary statement, stressing the need for arms control. "We should be busting our asses for peace," he said. Turning to Thatcher, who faces the voters this Thursday, he chided, "Don't worry, you'll win your election anyway." A final paragraph expressing a vision of peace along the lines suggested by Trudeau was added. When the agreement was finally reached, seven hours behind schedule, Reagan told the other leaders, to general laughter, "White smoke is now coming out of the Williamsburg chimney."

Although the statement on arms policy contained nothing substantially new, its context gave it long-term significance. Said a high West German official: "We now have unity on defense issues from London to Tokyo, and that is a new element." The Japanese for the first time officially gave approval to a key NATO defense doctrine. A sentence was included to assure Japan that any future intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) agreement will not allow the Soviets simply to move their SS-20 missiles away from Europe and base them in Asia instead: "The security of our countries is indivisible and must be approached on a global basis."

What is more, France's acquiescence brought that country formally in line with NATO's nuclear policy. This will probably add to the harmony at this week's meeting of the Atlantic Alliance, which is being held in Paris for the first time since Charles de Gaulle ousted the NATO headquarters from that city in 1966.

Most significantly, the display of resolve may help convince the Soviet Union of the necessity to reach an INF agreement in Geneva, rather than a propaganda victory in Western Europe, if it wishes to stop the installation of new intermediate-range nuclear missiles. The U.S. finally seems positioned to aim for some movement at the other set of nuclear arms negotiations in Geneva, the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), which deal with intercontinental weapons. Congress, in approving funds for the testing of the MX missile, has pressured the Reagan Administration to increase its efforts for a START agreement. In addition, the Scowcroft Commission, which Reagan last week authorized to function until 1985, recently recommended that the trend toward loading missiles with multiple warheads (MIRVs) be reversed, because the process makes both superpowers more vulnerable to a first strike. Consequently, Reagan is expected this week to modify the previous U.S. insistence on a deep cut in missile numbers, which the Soviets oppose, while continuing to press for reductions in the number of warheads.

Having achieved his prime goal of a statement on arms policy, Reagan was content to settle back and allow the vaguest possible economic declaration to emerge from the Williamsburg conference, mainly because any detailed document would probably have dwelt on the problems caused by high U.S. budget deficits and interest rates. Reagan was offered some protection from criticism by the implicit protocol of such conferences, in which members refrain from trying to dictate specific internal policies to other participants. Neither West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl nor Mitterrand pressed for any direct steps to tackle the problem of high interest rates. "I'm not here to give anyone lessons," said Mitterrand diplomatically, "but the results of continuing high budget deficits should be obvious." Instead, the leaders merely endorsed Reagan's emphasis on fighting inflation and noted that deficits should be reduced, "preferably through discipline over government expenditures."

Perhaps the most deft accommodation Reagan worked out in the meetings was with Mitterrand, who had come to Williamsburg proclaiming his desire for a Bretton Woods–style conference designed to enforce stability among different currencies. The U.S. had previously resisted any significant intervention in the free-floating exchange market. Though some observers regarded Mitterrand's Bretton Woods call as a red herring, the French were looking for at least a U.S. show of respect for their concern about the ill effects of unpredictable currency fluctuations. At the final session, Reagan showed his skill as a mediator by suggesting that debate over a paragraph dealing with protectionism be postponed while other issues were considered. Then, when the seven leaders came to the paragraph Mitterrand wanted on currency stability, Reagan proposed a deal: the French and the Americans would compromise their differences on both protectionism and interest rates and consider the two sections jointly. The package plan was quickly passed.

But there may have been a lot less to this compromise than met the eye. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, for one, described the practical effect of the U.S. concession on currency intervention as exceedingly limited: "We've agreed to talk about it more. We will call each other up more often." Indeed, most of the Euro-

Reagan delivering the joint statement at the end of the summit, pledging the leaders to "promote a sound and sustainable recovery"

peans' economic concerns were met by little more than a promissory note, one with no specific due date for redemption. The six visitors will be able to determine what, if anything, they accomplished at Williamsburg only by watching the Washington budget process and U.S. interest rates and dollar exchange rates over the coming months.

The lack of any specific pledges by the U.S. to help stabilize exchange rates, and the absence of any willingness in Washington to take any immediate steps to act on the vague promises made, helped push the French franc and the Italian lira to new lows last week against the dollar.

Europeans were vocal in criticizing the lack of a more substantive agreement. Said Italian Treasury Minister Giovanni Goria: "The promise was pure façade, useful for French consumption." Though in his conciliatory style at Williamsburg Kohl tried to show he was a Helmut of a different color from his tendentious predecessor Helmut Schmidt, when he returned to Bonn he expressed discontent over American avoidance of any firm economic commitments. He told his Cabinet that it was "aggravating and depressing that the U.S. failed to comply with demands for lower interest rates."

Some of the participants returned to face fierce fire at home for their accommodating attitude at Williamsburg. Mitterrand was attacked from within his own governing Socialist coalition; Left Wing Leader Jean-Pierre Chevènement demanded a program of protectionism rather than austerity to aid the ailing economy. Both the Gaullists and the Communists joined in the criticism of the French President for bowing to American pressure on Euromissiles and monetary policy. "I have the feeling he gave the Americans carte blanche," said Communist Party Leader Georges Marchais. In Japan, Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone was assaulted from all sides for allegedly forsaking his country's disarmament principles. "He remains a militant weather vane and continues to betray the peace-loving nation as a whole," said Socialist Party Chairman Ichio Asukata. Thatcher, entering the final week of her campaign, faced predictable blasts from Labor Party Leader Michael Foot, who called the failure of the summit to endorse a policy of monetary and fiscal expansion "catastrophic."

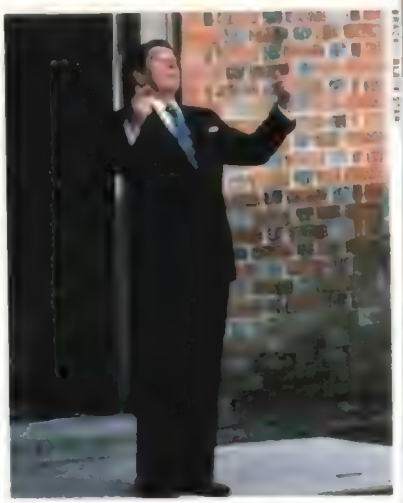
Nevertheless, Reagan received some rave notices from European observers. Italy's *La Stampa*, describing the slick conduct of the summit as *"una Coreografia Hollywoodiana,"* called him "no longer a cowboy, but a President." *Le Quotidien de Paris* dubbed the summit "Reagansburg." *Le Figaro* in Paris added: "He was simultaneously screenwriter, arbiter and even stenographer." The German paper *Nürnberger Nachrichten* also turned the Hollywood imagery into a compliment, noting: "Reagan made good use of his actor's training. But he has also developed a respectable talent as a director."

DIANA WALKER

Posing: Fanfani, the Reagans and Mitterrand

WALKER

Shopping: Kohl and Thatcher admire crafts



BRUCE BENNETT STUDIO

Greeting: Reagan in a raised-arm welcome

A very big gamble that produced results.

One of the notable achievements of last week's summit was that it breathed new life into the institution of summitry within an alliance whose temporary discords often overshadow deeper and more abiding common interests. After last year's disastrous showing at Versailles, some questions had even been raised about the wisdom of holding such gatherings. But when Secretary of State George Shultz was going over the final document at Williamsburg last week, he was able to turn such worries into a good laugh. He kidded with the President that he was unsure about one line near the end. "Which line is that?" Reagan asked. Replied Shultz, alluding to the announcement that the Big Seven would meet next spring in Britain, "The one that says we've got to do it again next year."

The more intriguing question was whether Reagan and Andropov might have their own summit. The Harriman visit and the State Department's response touched off speculation that such a meeting might occur. But U.S. officials cautioned that the Harriman-Andropov session was not all sweetness and light. Indeed, it started out on a decidedly tense note, with Andropov lambasting the Reagan Administration for its aggressive attitude toward Communism, its arms control policies and other areas of bilateral tension. But Andropov was friendlier in an exchange with Harriman about the Soviet translator. Said Harriman, who had met the translator with previous Soviet leaders: "I've known this man such a long time, I hope these past associations don't bother you." Andropov laughed and replied, "No problem for me. Don't worry about that."

While at Williamsburg, Reagan reportedly authorized Kohl to raise the possibility of a U.S.-Soviet summit when he goes to Moscow next month. Some White House advisers believe a meeting with Andropov would help Reagan politically in 1984, since it would probably soften his cold warrior image. But others reportedly feel that it could backfire unless it yields progress on arms control. In the past, Reagan has said he would be willing to sit down with his Soviet counterpart only if there was a chance of producing substantive results.

Whether the Soviets are ready to bargain in good faith is the great unknown. Their warmer rhetoric may be nothing more than propaganda. But it is conceivable that Andropov is setting the stage for a more flexible negotiating position before the U.S. deploys its Pershing II and cruise missiles. "The signal they are sending is that they want to improve a bad relationship," commented a source at the U.S. embassy in Moscow. "But it doesn't mean they are willing to change their policies. We'll have to wait and see." ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Lawrence Malkin/Williamsburg***

Immersed in foam and smoke, the plane slides to a halt at Greater Cincinnati International

The Fire Within Flight 797

Despite a skillful pilot, 23 die in a jetliner blaze

The Air Canada DC-9 was approximately 25 miles northwest of Cincinnati when controllers at the Federal Aviation Administration center in Indianapolis heard the pilot's calmly spoken words: "I have a fire on board." It was shortly after 7 p.m. Thursday, and Flight 797, carrying 41 passengers and a crew of five from Dallas and Fort Worth to Toronto, had smoke creeping forward through the cabin from a rear lavatory.

Air space was quickly cleared for the jetliner to land at the nearest airport, Greater Cincinnati International in Covington, Ky. In the 17 minutes it took to reach the runway, the crew shepherded passengers to the front of the 101-seat plane; some on board held napkins and wet cloths to their faces against the choking fumes. By the time of touchdown, so much smoke had filled the cockpit that Pilot Don Cameron could not see his controls.

On landing, four tires blew out as the pilot braked to a stop. When the jetliner screeched to a halt, the forward passenger door flew open, sucking in oxygen and releasing smoke. Though well prepared by the crew for emergency evacuation, passengers had barely 30 seconds to slide down rubber emergency chutes and run 100 ft. before the fuselage erupted in flames. Said one survivor: "Five minutes before landing, we couldn't see anything in the plane for the smoke. It was the kind of situation where you expect someone to scream, but no one did."

Despite the crew's best efforts, 23 passengers, some of them still in their seats, were found dead after the blaze was extinguished by 19 pieces of fire equipment surrounding the plane. It was the first loss of life in a commercial airline accident since Jan. 11, when three crew members of a United Airlines cargo jet were killed when it crashed into a swamp near Detroit just after takeoff. Among those who perished were Curtis Mathes Jr., 54, chairman of Curtis Mathes Corp., a Dallas television manufacturing firm, and Canadian Folk Singer Stan Rogers, 33.

Questions about how the fire started and generated such acrid smoke through the DC-9 began to arise even as a makeshift morgue was set up at the airport to identify the bodies, some of which were badly charred. A team from the National Transportation Safety Board (NTSB), the FAA and the FBI arrived to sift through the ruins of the plane for clues. NTSB officials suspect that the fire may have been started by a cigarette in a back-cabin lavatory. In Washington, aviation officials debated once again whether more stringent regulations regarding fire-resistant materials inside jetliners should be imposed. The disaster was likely to put pressure on the FAA to formulate a fire-prevention policy for airline cabins. ■

Cleaning up the wreckage: perhaps the result of a cigarette in a back-cabin lavatory

Scattershots

A new book attacks Kissinger

Richard Nixon's White House was not a place for men who would shrink from bitter infighting or who lacked driving ambition. Henry Kissinger was certainly in his element there. And seven years after he left the Government, he is still a significant figure on the public stage who draws fierce loyalists and unrelenting foes. A leader among the foes is Seymour Hersh, who won the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for his reporting of the story of the My Lai massacre.

In a new book, *The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House* (Summit; $19.95), Reporter Hersh sets out, metaphorically, to massacre Kissinger. Hersh quit the New York *Times* four years ago to devote himself to this project. In 656 pages he blends some new versions of old rumors with some new research (especially about the Paris peace talks that ended the Viet Nam War and about the intricate negotiating leading up to SALT II) that add up to a most unflattering portrait.

Perhaps the nastiest of Hersh's charges is the assertion that during the 1968 presidential campaign, Kissinger secretly supplied the Nixon camp with inside information about the Paris peace talks, then being conducted by the Johnson Administration. At the same time, Hersh claims, Kissinger was also offering to turn over damaging files on Nixon that had been compiled by the Rockefeller campaign staff, for whom Kissinger had worked, to Zbigniew Brzezinski, then Hubert Humphrey's foreign policy coordinator. Kissinger has written in his memoirs that he was approached by both campaigns for advice. But Hersh, quoting some former Nixon campaign officials, paints Kissinger as a double-dealing job seeker. Last week Kissinger angrily denied these specific charges as "a slimy lie." He said what he had read of Hersh's writings about him "is untrue, is distorted, or uses totally interested witnesses, many of whom were dismissed after a year of serving on my staff." But he refused further comment on the work.

In the introduction to his book, Hersh takes dutiful note of Kissinger's and Nixon's "diplomatic triumphs": the opening of China, the SALT treaty, the end of American involvement in Viet Nam, most prominent among them. But Hersh denigrates even those accomplishments, concluding, for example, that Kissinger "cheated" his way to a summit and "lied" about the SALT treaty. Hersh adds scattershot allegations about a number of international events and situations, including charges that Nixon received a large cash contribution to his election campaign in 1968 from the military junta that ran Greece in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

But it is the Nixon-Kissinger conduct of the Viet Nam War that receives special

attention. At one point, Hersh presents their tactics to end the war as a kind of "madman" theory. He maintains that in 1969 Nixon, trying to frighten North Viet Nam into believing that he was ruthless and unpredictable, ordered a 29-day full nuclear alert, designated "Def Con I." Former Lieut. General Brent Scowcroft, who succeeded Kissinger as head of the National Security Council, comments: "I don't think we've ever been to Def Con I, which means imminent attack." Last week a Pentagon spokesman confirmed that the U.S. has never gone to that level of readiness. Hersh also attempts to link Kissinger and Nixon to the 1970 coup that ousted Cambodian Neutralist Norodom Sihanouk. But while Hersh quotes some military sources as saying that Washington had such plans under consideration, he offers no evidence of approval by Kissinger or Nixon.

Hersh cites an unnamed American intelligence official as claiming that former Indian Prime Minister Morarji Desai had once been on the payroll of the CIA. "A sheer, mad story," retorted Desai last week. Hersh reconstructs what was clearly the low point of Kissinger's service as Nixon's National Security Adviser: the wiretapping of his own aides, other Government officials and some journalists, whom he suspected of leaking and publishing Government secrets. But Hersh's exhaustive account adds little to what many others have written about that event. The book also contains considerable detail on the well-known bureaucratic struggles between Kissinger and Secretary of State William P. Rogers, between Kissinger and his own staff, including Alexander Haig, between Kissinger and Nixon's White House staff, and between him and President Nixon.

Kissinger

Author Hersh

Hersh's book is less the work of a historian, or neutral journalist, than of a prosecutor. He appears unwilling to accept even his own evidence of Kissinger's innocence in other seamy activities. The so-called Huston Plan, a scheme to use U.S. intelligence agencies for illegal spying on political activists, was hatched and then shelved because of objections from Attorney General John Mitchell and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, all without Kissinger's involvement. Nonetheless, concludes Hersh, "such high-level indecisiveness would have been unthinkable if Kissinger had been brought in on the deliberations." ■

Arkansas law-enforcement officials inspect the fire-gutted house in which Kahl, inset, died

Shootout in a Sleepy Hamlet

Wanted for murder, a militant tax evader is slain in Arkansas

Mayor Billy Davis of Smithville, Ark. (pop. 113), expected the worst when half a dozen police cars converged on his mountain hamlet 125 miles northeast of Little Rock late last Friday afternoon. "They weren't talking," said Davis, "so I knew something was about to happen." The officials, including four state troopers, a dozen federal marshals and FBI agents, the sheriff and three deputies, headed four miles north of town and set up roadblocks. Then they drove a mile down a dirt road to an isolated house that resembled a bunker. There, the nationwide search for Gordon W. Kahl, 63, a retired farmer and militant tax protester, came to a fiery and bloody end.

Kahl had been wanted on murder charges since a shootout last February at Medina, N. Dak., in which two federal marshals were killed. The marshals had been trying to serve a warrant on Kahl for violating his parole on a 1977 conviction for failure to file federal income tax returns. On May 28, Kahl's son Yorivon, 23, and Scott Faul, 29, were convicted of two counts of second-degree murder and six counts of assault in the episode. But the elder Kahl, a member of the ultraright-wing Posse Comitatus, a paramilitary organization that opposes income taxes and other forms of governmental authority, had managed to elude capture.

From the start, officials had kept a lookout on Arkansas; they knew that Kahl had spent much of last year living in the state under an assumed name. About a week ago, a man who looked like Kahl was spotted near Smithville riding in a car that belonged to the son of Leonard and Norma Ginter, who occupied the bunker-like house and were said to be sympathizers of the tax-protest movement. When Arkansas officials gathered enough evidence to obtain a search warrant, the raid was organized. As the heavily armed police officers positioned themselves around the house, Sheriff Gene Matthews and three other men went up to the front door. The Ginters were taken into custody. Then the sheriff stepped inside the house. He was immediately cut down by a bullet from Kahl's high-powered rifle.

The other officers managed to drag the gravely wounded Matthews out, then opened fire on the house. The house went up in flames after a smoke bomb was thrown down an air vent. Thousands of rounds of ammunition, apparently stored inside, exploded. Said State Trooper Charles Harper: "We just pulled back and waited three and a half hours until it cooled down. It was raining hard, and lightning was striking all around. We didn't know which would get us first, the lightning or the bullets."

Finally, a fire truck was brought in to hose down the smoldering building, and the officers removed a body found slumped over a rifle on the living-room floor. Although the Ginters had assured the police that Kahl was the only other person in the house, officials planned to examine the fugitive's dental records before ruling that it was Kahl. The state medical examiner performed an autopsy and issued a "presumptive identification" based on the fact that the body bore evidence of shrapnel wounds, which Kahl had suffered in World War II.

Kahl, sadly, was not the only casualty. Matthews, 38, died on the operating table about the time Kahl's body was being removed from the house. To Lynn Crooks, the Assistant U.S. Attorney in Fargo, N. Dak., who helped prosecute Kahl's son, it seemed a senseless tragedy. Said he: "What the hell was in a man's mind to wreak that kind of havoc because he didn't want to pay his taxes?" ■

Who can help your doctor cure periphrasis?

Periphrasis may be a scourge but it is not some dread disease. It is the use of roundabout language instead of something shorter and more direct.

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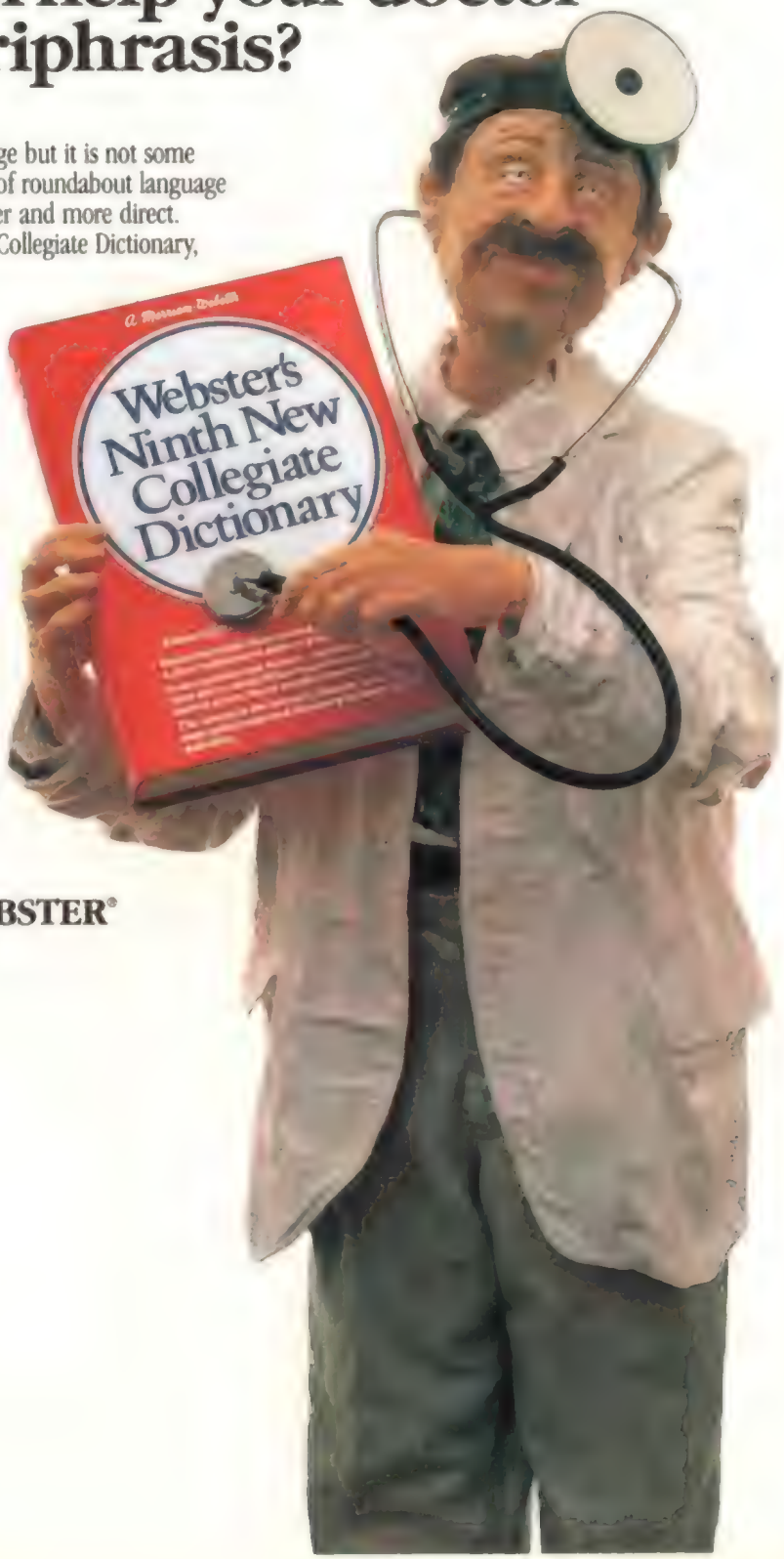

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COVER STORIES

"The New Ellis Island"

Immigrants from all over change the beat, bop and character of Los Angeles

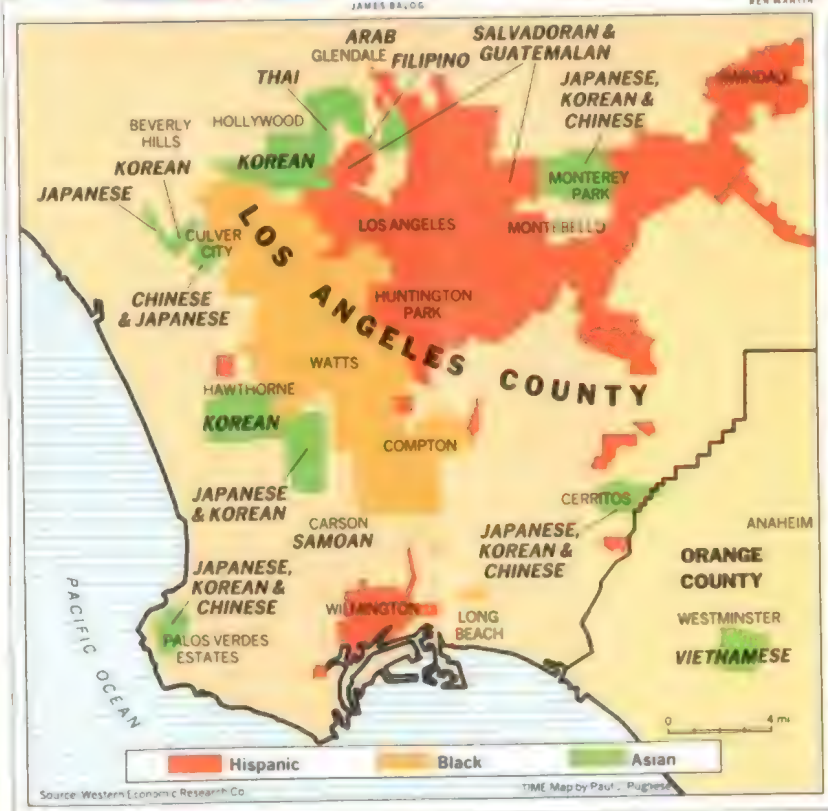
By 10:30 a.m., the Northwest Orient jumbo jet was in its berth at Los Angeles International Airport, simmering down after the 13-hour flight from Manila. It had disgorged its captain, crew and 284 passengers, including the unbearably excited young Santiagos.

The five siblings, ages 24 to 33, were about to join their parents, whom they had last seen in 1979. They stepped through the passport stamper's booth and up to the desk of the Immigration and Naturalization Service official, a sympathetic woman, for fingerprinting and more stamps. They carried their things (a portable tape player, a jar of noodles soaked in vinegar, bath slippers) past the Department of Agriculture inspector and out. The young Santiagos had never been to Los Angeles, let alone the U.S. And yet, as of last Thursday afternoon, they were here to stay.

Los Angeles is being invaded. Two hours after the Santiagos arrived a Pan American jet landed with 76 Vietnamese refugees on board. And all those immigrants standing in anxious L.A. airport queues, mainly Asians, are only the western flank. At the INS checkpoints to the south in San Diego, nearly 2,500 Mexicans, Salvadorans and Guatemalans are waved through each month. Many more, perhaps 50 times the legal arrivals, slip quietly over the border.

JAMES BALOG

BEN MARTIN



Each immigrant, whether he crossed the Pacific on a 747 or the Rio Grande on a compatriot's shoulders, is bristling with old-fashioned ambitions. Each harbors a plan, or at least the rough vision of a better life. More and more head for the new ethnic metropolis. "Los Angeles," says Rand Corporation Demographer Kevin McCarthy, "has become the natural embarkation point to the U.S. There's no question that it is the new Ellis Island." L.A. has no central processing facility like Ellis Island, or any Pacific Coast Statue of Liberty, no romantic symbol for every country's immigrants. But during 1982, according to Rand estimates, more than 90,000 foreign immigrants settled there, and since 1970, more than 2 million. The exotic multitudes are altering the collective beat and bop of L.A., the city's smells and colors. And a deeper transformation is under way.

Immigrants have landed there before, of course, though never in such numbers. "We find ourselves suddenly threatened," said the last Mexican Governor of California, in 1846, "by hordes of Yankee emigrants . . . whose progress we cannot arrest." Southern California in particular has always been full of transplants becoming Americans.

East L.A. *nilas* celebrating *Cinco de Mayo* holiday; *Korea Times* editor in his newsroom; Mexican unloading lemons at city's wholesale market; Pasadena Partners Williams and Kosobayashi; Vietnamese abbot marrying Jewish groom to Buddhist shiksa; and a Hollywood Hills view of downtown

But by 1940, only an eighth of Californians were foreign-born. Mainly other Americans were drifting into Los Angeles. They came seeking respite from the Dust Bowl and Depression, or for a glancing try at Hollywood success. Since World War II, the mass of U.S. migrants has grown larger but less purposeful. Lately they have seemed to hanker not so much for jobs as for a sunny, sexy L.A. way of life, as have the growing number of French (55,000) and British (50,000) emigres

The international hordes now streaming in from the west and south have, in contrast, no-nonsense ideas about what they want: a chance to work hard and make money. Laid back they are not. The newcomers seem almost eager to endure adversity in pursuit of their American dreams, not unlike the teeming masses at the turn of the century. Many have left such misery that their dreams are extremely modest. Today in L.A., there are refugees from ugly politics—Soviet Armenians, Lebanese, Iranians—and also entrepreneurs arriving with capital already in hand. But most are not well-off and most came from countries of the "Pacific rim": Mexico and El Salvador, across the ocean to Samoa, and still farther west to the Philippines, Taiwan, Viet Nam and South Korea. Congress opened the floodgates in 1965 when it replaced racial and national quotas with an overall annual limit of 290,000 immigrants.

The statistical evidence of the immigrant tide is stark. In 1960 one in nine Los Angeles County residents was Hispanic, and a scant one in 100 was Asian. Today one in ten is Asian. Nearly a third of the county is now Hispanic, as are almost two-thirds of L.A. kindergartners. Nor is this ethnic sweep a limited, inner-city affair. Although whites have been a minority in the hemmed-in city of Los Angeles for some time (in 1980, 48% of a population of 3 million), the Anglos are now, suddenly, also shy of a majority throughout the whole county (3.8 million out of 7.9 million). Today *everyone* in L.A. is a member of a minority group.

Why L.A.? It is closer to Seoul, Mazatlán and Singapore than other big U.S. cities. The immigrants are reassured that the local climate, at least, is not mean. And they seek safety in numbers

In fact, there are not necessarily any welcoming hugs from ethnic brethren who have made the trip earlier. L.A. has for decades had solid, stable populations of hybrid Angelenos—Japanese Americans, Chinese Americans and so on. They do not always know what to make of the newcomers. And many L.A. blacks simply feel besieged, resentful

But at least the blacks are aware of the immigrant surge. Most white locals seem oblivious. It is a city where people drive on freeways, and so see mainly roofs and treetops; it is easy to ignore remarkable changes in the grittier quarters and homelier suburbs. In L.A., all neighborhoods except one's own are out of the way. Stockbroker Jay Marshall, who lives in the upscale Westwood section, did not know until last week that there was an enclave of 150,000 Koreans downtown. His awareness of L.A. Hispanics is dim. "I know they live in places that are terribly overcrowded," he says. "But I don't know where that is." Stan Rosenfield, a publicist, has lived on the affluent, white west side for 15 years. He recalls seeing "Mexicans" during visits to an amusement park in the San Fernando Valley: "I'm only aware of them when I go to Magic Mountain, and then they're all around me."

What does a Taiwanese grocer living in Glendale have in common with a poor Guatemalan living in Boyle Heights? They may both watch the same local television, although the Guatemalan has Channel 34, in Spanish, and the grocer can stick to Chinese-language Channel 18. But they must certainly share the sense of being quasi-Americans: every immigrant has to cope with pressures to assimilate. They are supposed to fit in, but they may never be wholly accepted. "We

New Crocker Bank skyscraper and Chinatown landmark in a hybrid cityscape bound by Old Glory; Mexican Americans waiting for offers of day work; Chinatown grammar schoolers pledging allegiance; member in good standing of teen-age Filipinos' Temple Street gang; and middle-class Monterey Park's multiethnic city council: two Hispanics, a Filipino, a Chinese and, in the rear, an Anglo

do not think in American terms of a melting pot," says Paul Louie, a second-generation Chinese American. "We prefer the metaphor of a rainbow or a salad."

Indeed, many of the new arrivals cling to their ethnic identity, preserving their customs and language, nurturing old prejudices (the Japanese look down on Koreans), developing new ones (Koreans look down on blacks and chicanos). Whole neighborhoods seem to rub up against each other without mixing.

But the homogenizing melting pot remains a powerful national ideal. Regardless of whether the foreign-born Angelenos make peace with their extravagant, sometimes alienating new culture, they will likely watch their children turn into Americans. Hun Yum, a prospering South Korean restaurateur, has named his children, ages 7 and 2, Brian and Sandra. The kids insist on being slaked with Big Macs and ginger ale before consenting to attend occasional bulgoki feasts. "They are not Koreans," Yum says. "Their parents are Koreans."

Even before the staggering influx of foreign settlers, L.A. was a big, sprawling, hard-to-fathom place. It was the first great Sunbelt city, stretched and shaped by the automobile into a half urban, half suburban archipelago. Says Mark Pisano, executive director of the Southern California Association of Governments: "There has never been one huge predominant city. There have been conglomerations." Most of what commonly passes for L.A. lies inside the generous boundaries (4,083 sq. mi.) of Los Angeles County. The county, bigger than Rhode Island and Delaware combined, contains lots of undeveloped, unincorporated scrubland as well as 82 towns and cities. The largest, of course, is the City of Los Angeles, which consists of 464 sq. mi. in the center of the county.

As an economic entity, greater Los Angeles is world class: if the area seceded, it would have a G.N.P. larger than that of Mexico or Australia. The movie and TV business is only the hot tip of L.A.'s biggest job sector, its service industries, which together employ 882,000 people. There is a muscular side as well, with 869,000 workers in manufacturing, about a third in aerospace and other clean, high-tech industries. But parts of the city could pass for Buffalo. On the waterfront in Long Beach sit stacks of blue and orange cargo containers. In Lynwood, railroad tracks run past auto salvagers, truck-winch manufacturers, scrap-metal piles.

Just absorbing hundreds of thousands of immigrants, all at once, would be a tough enough task for the overburdened, overlapping local governments. (For instance, of L.A.'s 550,000 schoolchildren, 117,000 speak one of 104 languages better than they do English—including 35 kids fluent only in Gujarati, a language of western India.) But another daunting array of urban problems will not wait. L.A. is aging. "Streets are breaking up. Water mains are breaking up. Bridges are crumbling," says Harvey Perloff, dean of U.C.L.A.'s school of architecture and urban planning. "The day of reckoning is going to happen so fast that it's going to make people's heads whirl." L.A. is a product of explosive growth, but now the practical limits to growth are in sight. The local debate over taxes (about to go up to cover nearly $300 million in city and county budget deficits), potholes and police layoffs sounds a lot like the sober municipal agendas of New York City, Cleveland, Pittsburgh. L.A. can no longer pretend to be a surfside boom town with a job for everybody. The metropolis, in short, is maturing. At the same time it must adjust to the quirky, polyglot rhythms of 60,000 Samoans and 30,000 Thais, 200,000 Salvadorans and 175,000 Armenians.

L.A. seems familiar to the rest of the country. Patches of its bright cityscape are on television all the time, and Woody Allen makes cracks about its well-muscled airheads. L.A. is to the rest of the U.S. as the U.S. is to Europe: both the butt

of jokes and the object of envy, derided for its fast-buck vulgarity but secretly wished well just the same.

The clichés describe a small part of L.A., but they are apt enough. The place does have eccentric glamour. The enormous HOLLYWOOD sign stuck on one of the Santa Monica Mountains is odd and funny. "Colonics," a regimen of recreational-cum-therapeutic enemas, is popular among regular people. On Sunset Boulevard nothing seems remarkable about the Professional Waiters School, and on Gloaming Drive in Beverly Hills, the only pedestrians are tanned joggers and dark-skinned servants. Los Angeles has more registered poodles (16,732) than any other city, and plenty of them are dyed the colors of jelly beans.

Even fringe politics seems zanier than

elsewhere. At this year's May Day demonstration in MacArthur Park, 200 members of the Revolutionary Communist Party were like heavyhanded caricatures of Commies, shouting, "We spit on the red, white and blue!"

The L.A. *Times* report of that anti-American chant must have particularly astonished the paper's immigrant readers. They, after all, have come to L.A. with everything staked on a belief that American myths are real. Richard Yen-Shih Koo arrived from Taiwan in 1965. "I saw the good life in the United States," he says without irony, "as heaven."

Heaven it is not. For the new arrivals, the experience has been unpredictable, intense and usually better than what they left behind. Here, the groups that have established themselves most visibly in L.A.:

MIDDLE EASTERNERS. In 1970, 20,000 Iranians lived in L.A. Today's colony is close to 200,000, the great majority political refugees who have fled their country's revolutionary turmoil. Many more are Jews, concentrated in southern Beverly Hills: there, over bins of dates in greengrocers, signs are printed in English, Farsi and Hebrew. In Beverly Hills elementary schools, one in six children is Iranian. Some American parents worry that their children's education is suffering as teachers slow their lessons to accommodate the Farsi speakers. But one Iranian mother retorts, "When we bought their house and raised the price from $1 million to $3 million, they weren't complaining."

Most did not come to forge a better life, exactly, but to avoid death by Islamic firing squad. Ghassem Tehrani, who is editor of an Iranian community newspaper, could not find work in Paris or London. He is unhappy in L.A. "You are too much money-minded here. All of us want to go back," he declares. If it were not for his two sons of Iranian draft age (14 and 16), he claims the family would return. But Tehrani's boys would not fare well in Iran in any case. "I don't think they know enough Farsi to survive."

The Arab community has tripled to 130,000 in the past decade. Mohammed Hussein Saddick, 45, a U.C.L.A.-trained engineer, arrived from Lebanon 19 years ago, before local Arabs had acquired solidarity. "Their heritage was in their hearts," he says, munching dates and fiddling with worry beads. "But they kept it in the closet." The recent immigrants, displaced by the 1975-76 Lebanese civil war and its aftermath, tend to be Moslem rather than Christian. Says Vicki Tamoush of the National Association of Arab Americans: "Among these people, there is a much greater effort to instill a sense of Arabism in their children."

And finally, as if for international symmetry's sake, an Israeli community, 90,000 strong, has sprung up since 1970. The new immigrants tend to be young professionals. Many are discouraged by Israel's erratic economy and mandatory military service, and attracted by L.A.'s mild Mediterranean climate and economic promise.

ASIANS. The "ABCs" (American-born Chinese) tend to be contemptuous of the "FOBs" ("fresh off the boat"). L.A. Filipinos have their own snickering Tagalog-language acronym—"TNTs"—for their new and often illegal arrivals. *Nisei*, or U.S.-born Japanese, are embarrassed by Japanese nationals who speak no English; newly arrived Japanese, in turn, are wary of L.A.'s native *sansei* (third generation) and *yonsei* (fourth). But all the Japanese seem to agree that they are superior to other Asians. And everybody picks on the Koreans. Says U.C.L.A. Sociologist Harry Kitona: "They regard the Koreans as the Mortimer Snerds of America. They cannot learn the language, their food smells and they cannot express themselves." In a city with half a dozen major "Oriental" communities, national distinctions seem magnified, perhaps because these uneasy ethnic cousins have been thrown together as never before.

To be sure, L.A.'s Japanese Americans have good reason to feel established, if not superior. A neighborhood of Japanese immigrants was thriving downtown in Little Tokyo when Beverly Hills was empty land. The area, which was renamed Bronzeville during World War II when its residents were interned, has been retaken by the Japanese, and is again a main gathering spot for 175,000 Japanese Americans scattered around the county. A brand new, $12.6 million cultural complex provides reminders of home: a lush, still garden of camphor and golden-rain trees, a sleek theater for Japanese-language productions, a brick plaza for a snack of *age tofu* (deep-fried soybean curd) and a stroll.

But not all Japanese Angelenos like the ascetic calm. "I feel like a stranger down in Little Tokyo," says Warren Furutani, 35, a counselor at U.C.L.A. "My life is full of contradictions." Indeed so. Furutani was born in L.A. He does not speak Japanese, but insists that his house guests take off their shoes. He frets about the ethics of buying a Honda. His son is named Sei Malik Abe Furutani. Says the father: "I want to teach this child to learn Japanese, to learn the customs and yet still be an American."

Kazuhiko Yamaguchi moved to L.A. from Kaseda, Japan, in 1964 to make money. After 19 years building up his Mitsuru Restaurant in Little Tokyo, he speaks only Japanese. Unlike Warren Furutani, though, Yamaguchi, 51, is untroubled by cultural contradictions. Says he: "I am not worried about the 'Americanization' of my two children. They were born here, and their styles are different." The odds are, in fact, that one of the Yamaguchi kids will have a white spouse. Surveys show that 60% of L.A.'s Japanese marry non-Japanese.

The Yamaguchis live in Montebello, a largely Anglo and Mexican American suburb to the east. By far the greatest concentration of L.A.'s Japanese is in middle-class Gardena, a tiny town of neat stucco houses wedged between a huge black ghetto and a neighborhood of white-collar aerospace workers (Hughes, TRW). About 11,000 of Gardena's 47,000 residents are Japanese. "Oh, we see them a lot," says a white Gardenan. "They come out here [to the city hall mall] on one of their holidays with all of these fish and these kites. It's very nice."

Chinese came in force to California a century ago from Canton. But until the mid-1970s, Chinese Americans were a small part of L.A.'s ethnic patchwork, outnumbered almost 3 to 1 by Japanese. No longer: thousands have arrived from Taiwan and Hong Kong. To much of the local Chinese Establishment, the newcomers seem vulgar and pushy.

Richard Yen-Shih Koo, 43, stands somewhere in between. He was born in Shanghai, raised in Taipei, and crossed the Pacific at 24 to get his master's degree in business. For four years, alone in the U.S., he was separated from his wife Rut-Sun and daughter But getting such a degree, he says, "was a dream for all [Taiwanese] The psychological effect was to force you to go abroad."

He arrived in Berkeley, at the University of California, in 1964, during the height of the Free Speech Movement. Koo, however, was not remotely a rebel. He obeyed when an immigration official suggested that he adopt an English name. "I had no particular preference," he says. "My goal was success and to be rich." Koo, who became a naturalized citizen in 1977, has achieved his goal. He is a founder of an accounting firm with three Los Angeles offices and lives in a house on two acres. But for all that he has an accountant's cold clarity about his potential for bigger business success. "Our dreams must be realistic. I will never speak perfect English, and I look different. But everybody," he adds, "always faces some kind of discrimination." Koo works 60-hour weeks, so he does not see much of his two daughters. "Jean, my younger daughter," Koo admits, "at first refused to learn to speak Chinese. But she is O.K. now."

There are 42 Chinese language schools in the area: the Koos live near Monterey Park (pop. 57,700). The town, with its winding streets of cypress ranch houses set into the lush hillsides, is considered *the* Chinese enclave in L.A. In fact, the town is very mixed—39% Hispanic, 19% Chinese, the rest other Asians and whites—but the Chinese proportion has tripled in a decade. The new residents, late of Hong Kong and Taiwan, are spendthrifts: along Atlantic Boulevard, the cost of commercial space has gone up 700% since the early 1970s.

The Santiago siblings, who flew in from Manila last Thursday, will live in their parents' house in the middle-class suburb of Reseda. They will be among a comfortably large group of Filipinos there. But the 150,000 Filipinos (up from 33,500 in 1970) are, in fact, the most scattered of the Asian nationalities in Los Angeles. It is telling that a $5 million Filipino cultural center, designed and funded, has been postponed because the community cannot decide where to build it. The poor do cluster in a shabby downtown area.

But in L.A., the Filipinos are not, typically, poor. Ambrocio Santiago will soon have the $100,000 proceeds from selling his house back in the town of General Trias. A good many of the Filipinos are medical professionals, drawn by U.S. salaries and by the provision of the 1965 immigration law that gives preference to the highly skilled. Dr. Federico Quevedo, founder of L.A.'s Confederation of Philippine–United States Organizations, is an obstetrician. Ophthalmologist Lani Quevedo, his wife, is the daughter of a doctor and a pharmacist. "The new immigration laws," explains Federico Quevedo, "take connections and credentials and money."

South Korean immigrants also tend to be middle class, or working slavishly to get there. Their numbers have gone up 16-fold since 1970, with virtually all of the newcomers settling in a 2-sq.-mi. swath along jumbled Olympic Boulevard. They seem eager to become full-fledged American bourgeois, holding golf tournaments and staging beauty contests. According to L.A. Demographer Eui-Young Eu of California State University, 40% of the area's documented Koreans own their homes. Most are fervent Protestants. Koreatown has some 400 churches. Ironically, younger Koreans are more likely to commit crimes than any other Asian nationality.

Hun Yum, 40, opened his Hoban Restaurant on Western Avenue a decade ago, and profits have increased tenfold. Yet, after 14 years in L.A., he speaks barely passable English. Yum has not refused to become fluent. He is just too busy. "Money is our first priority," he says. "We have to work first, and then we have time to learn the language. Or our children will."

The 64,400 Vietnamese in Southern California have come in the past eight years. Cao Duc Thi, 45, an engineer, left Saigon with $40 on April 29, 1975, the day before the Viet Cong tanks rolled in. He and a majority of his compatriots live in Westminster (pop. 75,000), a neat desert suburb in Orange County near Camp Pendleton, where many of the refugees spent their first days in the U.S.

"If they had told me they were sending me to Alaska," Cao says, "I would have gone there. I didn't know any of these places or where they were. I was grateful for a jungle or a farm or anything." His first job was in a car wash, and next he worked for a jewelry manufacturer. In 1980 he founded Cao Enterprises, which makes ersatz American Indian baubles, and soon put his former boss out of business. Cao drives a Cadillac Fleetwood.

His friend Tran Minh Cong, 45, works for the Orange County housing authority "This country has been very gracious to me," he says. "But remember, I was forced to leave my country. I am hoping to go back there. Home is home." For now, however, he calls himself Joe Tran.

HISPANICS. Forty years ago this week, L.A.'s zoot-suit race riots reached a peak of violence: white mobs, dominated by servicemen on leave, made unprovoked forays over the Los Angeles River and into the east side, where they savagely beat any flashy young Mexicans (zoot-suiters) they found. The bigotry is not gone. "They can't hold down jobs," says Rosenfield, the publicist. "They're not educated. They're lazy. They don't make an effort to be meaningful citizens."

Until recently in L.A., it was silly to talk of a Hispanic population: Mexicans were it. But now there are 50,000 Guatemalans with their own 18-team Guatemalan soccer league. There are 200,000 Salvadorans, and the political violence there is driving hundreds more to L.A. every week. Further, there are some 100,000 Colombians, Hondurans, Cubans and Puerto Ricans. As with the Asians, invidious distinctions are offered without much prompting. Arturo Price is from Colombia. "We have nothing to do with Mexicans here," he sneers. "Our culture is different, our Spanish more pure."

Nevertheless, eight out of ten L.A. "Hispanics" are Mexicans or Mexican

ETHNIC EXPLOSION

	1983	1970
Mexicans	2,100,000	822,300
Iranians	200,000	20,000
Salvadorans	200,000	*
Japanese	175,000	104,000
Armenians	175,000	75,000
Chinese	153,000	41,000
Koreans	150,000	8,900
Filipinos	150,000	33,500
Arab Americans	130,000	45,000
Israelis	90,000	10,000
Samoans	60,000	22,000
Guatemalans	50,000	*
Vietnamese	40,000	*

TIME Chart *Fewer than 2,000

"To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Wherever you go, whatever dream you follow, we'd like to help.

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Americans, probably 2.1 million in all. And they are different in a critical respect from all the other ethnic arrivals: the immigrant from Mexico comes from near by to what was, until 1848, Mexican national territory. He arrives feeling as much like a migrant as an immigrant, not an illegal alien but a *reconquistador*.

The influence on metropolitan culture, at least superficially, has been great. There is an air, especially in East Los Angeles, of what Mexican Poet Octavio Paz says are his national essences: "delight in decoration, carelessness and pomp, negligence, passion and reserve." Shop signs, often pictorial, are painted directly and unprofessionally on stucco façades. The slow promenades of customized cars are nationally famous.

Among Mexican Americans, however, there are class and other divisions that can be as important as the distinctions among Latin nationalities. "There is a huge difference between the kids born here and the kids born in Mexico," says Jesse Quintero, a teacher whose students are mostly illegals. "It's a different breed." And while the waves of illegal Mexican immigrants are exceptionally poor, the *barrio's* long-entrenched Mexican Americans inhabit a world more like William Bendix's TV L.A. in the 1950s show *The Life of Riley:* working-class comfortable. The middle class, perhaps a small auto-body repair shop. Those provisions last month included spending thousands on the traditional coming out, the *quinceañera*, for his daughter Lucy. "A girl is only 15 once," Cardines said, as Lucy and her 28 attendants boogied to *Superfreak* in a hotel ballroom.

Out in West Covina, Raina Padilla would have rolled her eyes in disbelief (*Daddy!*) if Ernie, her father, had suggested a corny *quinceañera* for her. Raina, 24, is a University of Southern California graduate who dates Anglos (40% of Mexican Americans marry across ethnic lines) and spent her junior year studying in Madrid: Ernie had wanted her to perfect her Spanish. She did not.

Padilla, 59, was born poor, but now earns enough from his security firm to afford the good life: two Cadillacs, $300,000 house, swimming pool, outdoor barbecue, Scotch and sizzling T-bones on the patio. He is a Republican: he shows a photograph of his wife with Wayne Newton at President Reagan's Inauguration.

Jesse Quintero, 28, and his wife Rosemary, 27, were born and raised in East L.A., but they met as students at U.S.C. They are teachers in the schools of heavily Mexican Bell Gardens. "I am a latino," Jesse declares. "I'll never feel Anglo." He glances at Rosemary, who is wearing her Camp Beverly Hills T shirt. "Sure," he says, "we listen to Anglo music, watch Anglo TV, go to Anglo movies. But we do it with other latinos."

The Quinteros live just east of Bell Gardens. Their town is Montebello (pop. 53,000), a well-tended middle-class suburb that in 20 years has changed from entirely Anglo to 65% Hispanic.

"When I was a kid," Jesse says, "you had to become Anglo to survive. For the kids today, it's hip to be latino." How hip? A New Wave rock band formed by U.S.-born Mexican Americans is called Los Illegals. *Avance*, a stylish new magazine written in English, has a young, upscale circulation of 35,000. But for every trendy *Avance* subscriber in L.A. there are at least ten who resist adaptation. Says L.A. *Times* Columnist Frank del Olmo: "There's a large segment within the legal population who see themselves as Mexicans. They don't necessarily want to stay in the U.S. forever."

Some 160,000 refugees have come to L.A. from El Salvador since 1980, when the crossfire of insurgency and repression escalated. Most are unskilled and terribly poor. In 1981 Narciso Cardoza walked over the Mexican border into Texas, illegally, and then flew to L.A. to join his wife and daughter, now 5, in East L.A. "I thought I would be living with Americans, lots of blonds speaking English and playing baseball," he says of his arrival, "but it looked just like Mexico to me." He is disapproving of his Mexican neighbors who, he says, "sit around all day, swearing and drinking beer instead of working." Cardoza, 28, has a $3.50-per-hr. job as a clerk in an auto-parts store.

He is struck more by the everyday American plenty than by the grander promise. "All these tennis courts," he exults, "where anybody can play for free! And lying empty most of the day." His ingenuous pleasure could make a cynic weep. "The apples, the peaches, the strawberries are all so good here, and cheap! The first time my wife and I went to the market together," he says, "we spent $20 just on fruits and vegetables." One of his small dreams: "I'd like to go to an American disco some day and dance."

In the Salvadoran neighborhood in Pico-Union, a Japanese restaurateur has opened a place called El Libertad El Salvador, and serves teriyakiburgers. All over the city and county, in fact, the ethnics have bumped up against each other and produced some vivid, only-in-L.A. mongrels. Gutierrez & Weber, Wah Wing Sang is a mortuary. Billie Williams, a black businessman, and Pharmacist Doug Kosobayashi, who is Japanese, own and run a flourishing Pasadena drugstore called Berry & Sweeney.

More often, it seems, there is conflict and recrimination. The resentment is economic, with blacks mad at Mexicans and Mexicans sore at Asians. "They are all boat people who came into this country behind a war our kids fought," complains James Ramirez of East L.A. "The Government gives them a 3% loan. If we had it so good, we'd be owners too."

BEN MARTIN

JAMES BALOG

30% of L.A.'s latinos, seldom use the vaguely militant term chicano.

The young man in East L.A.'s scruffy old Maravilla *barrio* calls himself Diablo. He wears a sleeveless T shirt, so his tattoos are plain. Diablo, 23, spends most of his free time hanging out with a few fellow members of the Lopez-Maravilla gang. They look tough. But at a meeting in a tool shed late last month, they were mostly concerned with planning an upcoming rummage sale. There are some 300 Mexican youth gangs in L.A., and many are violent drug users: police say 260 homicides last year were gang related.

There are gangs in José Cardines' neighborhood. Cardines, 51, arrived in East L.A. when he was 29, the year John Kennedy became President. He speaks no English. But he has become a U.S. citizen, and provides for his wife and six kids with

But anger is increasingly acute among L.A.'s blacks, who make up 12.6% of the county. Frank Haley runs a dry cleaners near Watts. Hispanics now make up one-third of his neighborhood. "It bothers me a lot," Haley says. "I see these Spanish coming in and buying businesses. They must be getting the money from *somewhere*." His theory: "This started after the [Watts] riots. I feel that the Government said, 'All right, we'll fix those blacks. We'll open up the border and move in Mexicans.' " The Asians are more roundly blamed. "We all looked up one day," says Mary Henry, a black activist, "and everybody pumping gas seemed to be Asian."

Black politicians are less fearful of inroads by the immigrants, and some are smug. Chinese seem wary of elections: last fall, among all of Monterey Park's Chinese, a mere 1,600 voted. L.A.'s blacks, by contrast, vote in throngs: in 1980, 56% of the black voting-age population went to the polls, compared with 49% of Anglos.

Still, the sheer size of the potential Mexican electorate cannot be ignored, only analyzed away. "The latino majority on the east side [of the black district]," says Maxine Waters, an assemblywoman, "is still mainly undocumented workers who don't vote." Del Olmo agrees that his people's power is all latent: "The numbers indicate potential. Too many latinos fall back on rhetoric and raw numbers to prove their validity." He thinks that Mexican political muscle may not be flexed until the next century. In the year 2000, according to a study of L.A.'s future just completed by U.S.C., Hispanics will constitute 40% of L.A. County and Anglos, 31%.

By then, construction on the $1.2 billion redevelopment of the downtown Bunker Hill area, scheduled to begin this summer, should be done. (It is as if the city had decided, belatedly, to build a *there* there.) But will L.A. be a pleasant place? According to the U.S.C. study, the metropolis is heading for housing that is still more expensive, traffic that is slower, and public schools abandoned entirely to the poor. Technicians will be in demand, while jobs for blue-collar workers will be scarce. Crime will spill over into fancy neighborhoods.

"Bringing out these problems now is optimistic," says Professor Selwyn Enzer, who directed the study, since doomsaying can lead to debate and thus to urban planning. The nutshell solution is in the summary of the exhaustive study. "Unplanned growth in the mature Los Angeles of 2001," the authors say, "will not be permitted to occur."

But laissez-faire habits are hard to break. Modern L.A. has known only helter-skelter growth. "There's a vacuum of leadership," says Ted Bruinsma, president of the Chamber of Commerce. "All the planning is in think tanks." And planning, after all, has produced urban results as dreadful as any. The "master plan" for L.A. envisions two more international airports to be built—the first one in the desert of Riverside County—to pull Angelenos out into the boondocks, where there is still room to grow and grow. Enzer is dubious: "How is anybody from Watts going to get to a job in Riverside if it opens up there?" Already, though, up north in an arid nowhere, a new, generic tract has sprung up: the development is called Le House

While the master planners have L.A. sprawling off obediently to the desert, the metropolitan economy is supposed to be juiced up by more high-tech industry and a new era of trade with Asia and Latin America. "The growth in the Pacific rim has just begun," says Planner Mark Pisano. "It's going to take off like an exponential curve in two to four decades."

Yet right now, it is the foreign residents of the Pacific rim, hundreds every day, who take off—take off and land in L.A. Blithe Angelenos cannot afford to depend on luck and the vague promise of another economic boom, 20 or 40 years hence, to take care of the newcomers and smooth over problems. L.A., nature's charmed city, must begin to look after itself. —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate, with the Los Angeles bureau*

Rags-to-riches Padilla family around the pool in West Covina; Mexican boy hawking oranges on Crenshaw Boulevard; robust off-island Samoans gather for a cricket match; Children's Day celebrator at Koreatown Baptist church practicing a venerable American craze; and a vivid polyglot strip in a city where Kentucky Fried Chicken competes with Cantonese fried duck as well as Korean bulgoki, Japanese sashimi, Mexican tostadas

Losing Control of the Borders

Congress considers a bill to limit illegal immigration

Ernest Gustafson, the director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service's Phoenix district, knew things were bad. The number of illegal aliens caught in Arizona had climbed sharply, breaking records nearly every month and hitting an alltime high of 11,200 in April. Then Gustafson took a night helicopter tour of the notorious 66-mile border stretch from the Pacific inland past Chula Vista, Calif., where the Border Patrol picked up 49,511 interlopers in April, up 46% over the same period last year. When the pilot turned on the chopper's spotlights, hundreds of Mexicans could be seen striding across the desolate, scrub-covered fields deeper into the U.S. But it was not until three weeks ago, when a man came to wash his office windows, that Gustafson appreciated the full extent of the problem. "He asked me in Spanish if he could come in," Gustafson recalls. "It was apparent the guy didn't belong here." The INS official promptly began deportation proceedings against the undocumented window washer.

With the Mexican economy in a crunch, and with other countries in Central and South America racked by political instability, the steady stream of illegal immigrants is turning into a flood. "Simply put," Attorney General William French Smith told a congressional subcommittee, "we've lost control of our borders." Along the 2,000-mile southern frontier, seizures are 30% to 50% higher than last spring. The northern border is emerging as a convenient back door for refugees from the Caribbean, Europe and the Middle East, most of whom can enter Canada without a visa; the flow there is up by 30% to 40%. INS Border Patrols are swamped. Says veteran Texas Officer Jack Richardson: "It's like sword fighting with Zorro with a short knife."

The Border Patrol reckons that if the wave continues, an unprecedented 2 million immigrants, double the average annual influx, may sneak into the country before 1983 is over. More than half a million will become permanent residents, joining the shadow population of 3.5 million to 6 million illegal immigrants already here. They come for jobs, scrambling through fences, hopping freight trains, wading the Rio Grande, or riding in trucks with smugglers, who charge as much as $2,000 a head. Said a Mexican baker in Phoenix who smuggled his wife and ten children across the border: "It was too hard to make a living in Mexico with so many kids. What you might earn in a week there, you can make in a day here."

There is a new desperation among the fleeing Mexicans. An economic austerity program imposed last year sent the value of the peso plummeting further, making the 36% unemployment rate (including the underemployed) seem all the more severe. Some of the once docile immigrants are carrying weapons and leading patrolmen on high-speed chases. "Mexicans are upset because they don't feel they can sustain themselves in their own country," says Mike Sheehy of the Nogales, Ariz., Border Patrol.

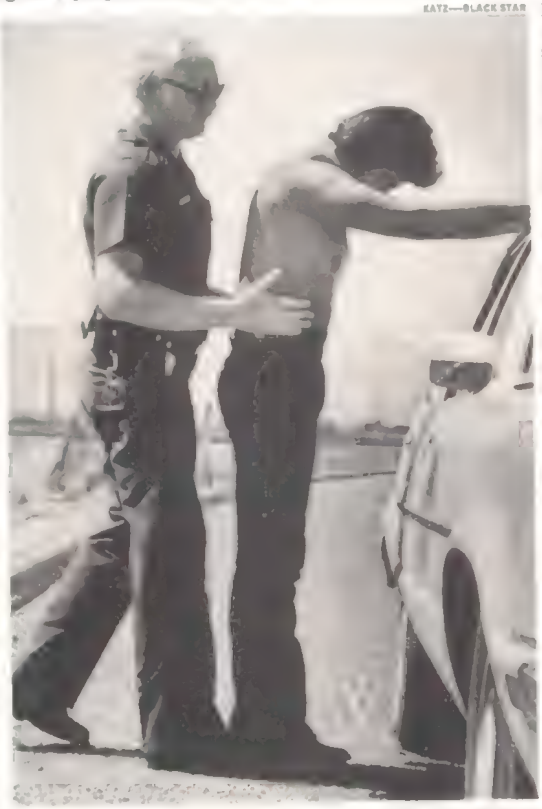
The new surge of immigrants comes at a time when U.S. unemployment is the highest it has been in four decades, and when federal, state and local governments are hard-pressed to meet the needs of bona fide citizens. "We have seen a change from public apathy toward concern," Gustafson says. "We are getting more calls from people who want to report illegals holding jobs."

The feeling that something has to be done—and fast—is also growing in Washington. Three weeks ago, the Senate, for the second year in a row, passed a bill introduced by Republican Senator Alan Simpson that would make the most comprehensive changes in immigration policy since 1952. A similar measure, introduced by Democratic Representative Romano Mazzoli, died in the House last year, but now has a fair chance for passage.

The Simpson-Mazzoli bill would give amnesty to most illegal aliens* who entered the country before 1980, permitting them to apply for resident status. (The rest would remain in legal limbo, subject to deportation.) The Government estimates that about 2.3 million people would be eligible; the cost of social services for these newly legal residents could run into the billions. More important, the bill would punish employers who knowingly hire undocumented immigrants, imposing fines of up to $2,000 for each worker. Employers of four or more people would have to certify that they examined their employees' identification papers. The measure would give the President three years to develop a fraud-resistant certification system, such as a tamper-proof Social Security card, but rules out a national identification card.

Since work is what draws immigrants to the U.S., the crackdown on employers goes to the heart of the problem. Moreover, it would clear up a troubling contradiction in the present law: that it is not illegal to hire foreigners who are in the country illegally. INS Chief Alan Nelson says the initial cost of enforcing sanctions could be $40 million to $50 million but contends this amount is small compared with the financial drain caused by illegal aliens. He says the INS would spot-check employers who hired illegal aliens in the past and industries that attract them. The INS and the Labor Department would also audit a representative sample of all businesses. Nelson says more Border Patrol officers would be hired and equipped with sophisticated new infrared scopes and magnetic sensors.

The Chamber of Commerce and Hispanic groups have allied to fight the em-



KATZ—BLACK STAR

In El Paso, a Border Patrol officer searches an illegal immigrant

"It's like sword fighting with Zorro with a short knife."

*Among those ineligible for legalization would be convicted felons, Nazis, drug offenders and those who advocate the overthrow of the Government

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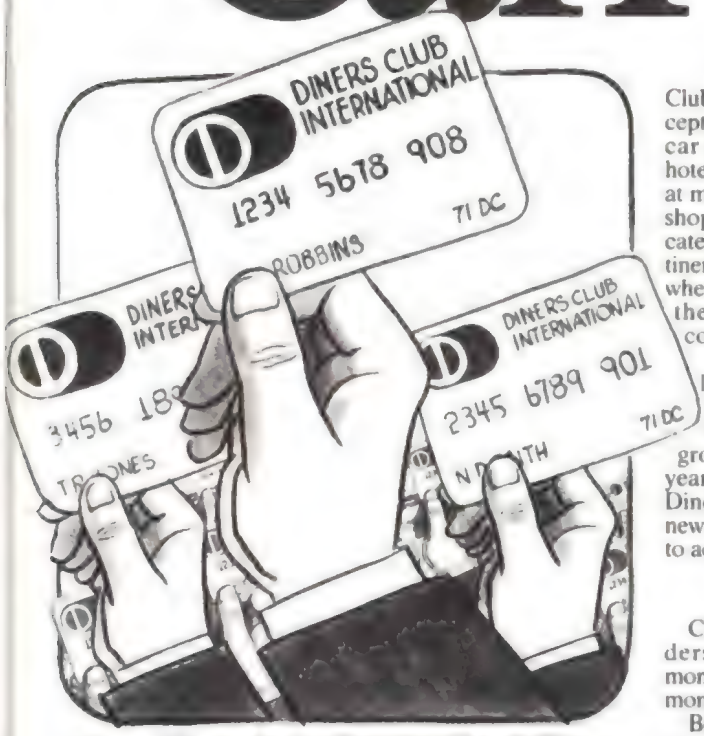

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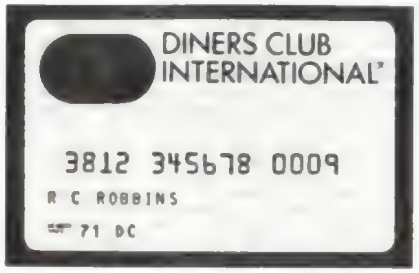

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ployer sanctions. Business frets that employers will be turned into paper-pushing private immigration officials; Hispanics worry about discriminatory side effects. Says Tony Bonilla, president of the League of United Latin-American Citizens: "Immigration officers won't be looking for Turks or Russians. They'll be looking for brown faces."

The bill is chafing the sometimes difficult relationship between the neighboring countries. Historically, the lax border enforcement has worked to the advantage of both. The U.S. has used Mexico as a backup labor source, and Mexico has counted on the annual flow of its natives as a "safety valve" for relieving the pressure of its high unemployment. Although the Mexican government of Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado has avoided taking a public position, Mexican leaders complain bitterly in private that the U.S. is making a unilateral decision about a problem the countries share and is "criminalizing" the immigrants.

STEVE NORTHUP

Rounding up illegal aliens from Texas trains

While Mexico accounts for an estimated 92% of the illegal immigrants coming into the U.S., the number from other countries is also on the rise. In one Texas Border Patrol sector, arrested Salvadorans have doubled over the past year, from 266 to 542. One of them, José, 25, is trying to raise his $3,500 bond. "I can't go back to El Salvador," he says. "I'd be shot." Like Afghan and Haitian refugees, Salvadorans present thorny problems for the INS because they come requesting asylum. To get it, they must show that they have been or are likely to be persecuted for political, religious or racial reasons.

As the illegal alien population swells, a controversy roils over the effects of this "invisible" underclass on society. INS officials estimate that illegal immigrants cost the U.S. $4 billion annually in benefits, lost income taxes and wages that would otherwise go to Americans. Another study by the Environmental Fund, a Washington research group, puts the cost at $14 billion. It is also estimated that Mexicans ship $3 billion a year to their families back home. With easily forged documents, some illegals get all the perks of citizenship, including welfare, unemployment benefits, food stamps and Medicaid. Many illegals are paid in cash by their employers. Others, however, pay payroll and Social Security taxes but do not risk trying to collect any services in return. "That's part of the deal," says Brandeis University American Studies Professor Lawrence Fuchs. "The illegal immigrants don't have any dissatisfaction with it. It's a benign Catch-22."

A Supreme Court ruling last year guaranteed children of illegal immigrants a free public education. In Los Angeles County, officials say the annual cost of educating these children runs as high as $415 million. Texas spends about $50 million. In Brownsville, on the Texas border, School Superintendent Raul Besteiro estimates that there are some 2,000 illegal alien children among the 30,000 children in his school district. The city has 350 portable classrooms to handle the overflow. Asks a frustrated Besteiro: "Why should Brownsville taxpayers have to pay for construction for people who illegally cross our border?"

Some communities report burgeoning crime by illegal aliens. In Dallas, an outcry erupted last January when a Mexican who had been deported five times was charged with killing a policeman. "I've had 5,712 people in jail since the first of the year," says Sheriff Marshall Rousseau of Cameron County on the Texas border, "and 39% have been illegal aliens."

But the most hotly debated issue is jobs. The Department of Labor has estimated that one illegal immigrant in five is performing a job that would be done by an American worker. Most economists, however, call this estimate inflated, arguing that the degree of displacement is small. By and large, undocumented immigrants have menial, low-paying jobs in restaurants, hotels or factories, or work in the fields. "They take lousy jobs that American workers do not want," says M.I.T. Economics Professor Michael Piore. Hector, an undocumented worker in Phoenix, has achieved a comfortable middle-class life for his family—three color television sets, two freezers and two cars—by putting in long days as a $4.75-an-hour dishwasher. "Anybody can do my job," he says. "But the difference is this: I come to work every day. Americans who take the job often fail to show up for work because they don't really want the job." For marginal businesses, economists say, cheap immigrant help can make the difference between surviving or failing.

Illegal immigrants are beginning to move up the ladder to service and industry jobs. Donald Huddle, a member of the Texas Governor's Task Force on Immigration, created a stir last year when he estimated that a third of the commercial construction jobs in Houston were held by illegal aliens, who made an average wage of $4.64 an hour, 40% above the federal minimum wage of $3.35. In eastern Massachusetts in April, 26% of the 144 employed aliens picked up by the INS were earning more than $5.25 an hour, and 69% were being paid between minimum wage and $5.24 an hour.

Ironically, some immigrants try to pull the ladder up after them. Colorado Governor Richard Lamm points out that the great majority of tips to Denver immigration agents come from fellow Hispanics. "The average Hispanic understands," Lamm says, "that there are only so many jobs." In a recent poll of 457 registered Hispanic voters in southern Texas, 54% said they favored stricter enforcement of the immigration laws. "They're destroying this country," complains Juan Ramírez, laid-off master electrician from the Brownsville area. "Are you going to hire me when you can get someone else for $3.50 an hour?"

NORTHUP

Immigrants at a Texas processing center face a return trip home

The Simpson-Mazzoli bill would take some of the burden off the Border Patrol and shift it to employers who have been turning a blind eye to their undocumented workers. But the bill is no panacea. The trek of immigrants will continue as long as some countries are rich and stable, and others are poor and torn by political dissension. Given the parlous state of so many other economies, the U.S. stands to be the land of opportunity for some time to come. — *By Maureen Dowd. Reported by Sam Allis/Houston and Bonnie Bartak/Phoenix*

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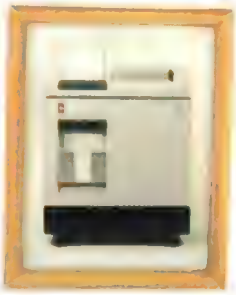

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Essay

Against a Confusion of Tongues

"We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house."
—Theodore Roosevelt

In the store windows of Los Angeles, gathering place of the world's aspiring peoples, the signs today ought to read, "English spoken here." Supermarket price tags are often written in Korean, restaurant menus in Chinese, employment-office signs in Spanish. In the new city of dreams, where gold can be earned if not found on the sidewalk, there are laborers and businessmen who have lived five, ten, 20 years in America without learning to speak English. English is not the common denominator for many of these new Americans. Disturbingly, some of them insist it need not be.

America's image of itself as a melting pot, enriched by every culture yet subsuming all of them, dates back far beyond the huddled yearning masses at the Baja California border and Ellis Island, beyond the passage in steerage of victims of the potato famine and the high-minded Teutonic settlements in the nascent Midwest. Just months after the Revolution was won, in 1782, French-American Writer Michel-Guillaume-Jean de Crèvecoeur said of his adopted land: "Individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men." Americans embittered by the wars of Europe knew that fusing diversity into unity was more than a poetic ideal, it was a practical necessity. In 1820 future Congressman Edward Everett warned, "From the days of the Tower of Babel, confusion of tongues has ever been one of the most active causes of political misunderstanding."

The successive waves of immigrants did not readily embrace the new culture, even when intimidated by the xenophobia of the know-nothing era or two World Wars. Says Historian James Banks: "Each nationality group tried desperately to remake North America in the image of its native land." When the question arose of making the U.S. multilingual or multicultural in public affairs, however, Congress stood firm. In the 1790s, 1840s and 1860s, the lawmakers voted down pleas to print Government documents in German. Predominantly French-speaking Louisiana sought statehood in 1812; the state constitution that it submitted for approval specified that its official language would be English. A century later, New Mexico was welcomed into the union, but only after an influx of settlers from the North and East had made English, not Spanish, the majority tongue.

Occasional concentrations of immigrants were able to win local recognition of their language and thereby enforce an early form of affirmative action: by 1899 nearly 18,000 pupils in Cincinnati divided their school time between courses given in German and in English, thus providing employment for 186 German-speaking teachers. In 1917 San Francisco taught German in eight primary schools, Italian in six, French in four and Spanish in two. Yet when most cities consented to teach immigrant children in their native Chinese or Polish or Yiddish or Gujarati, the clearly stated goal was to transform the students as quickly as possible into speakers of English and full participants in society.

Now, however, a new bilingualism and biculturalism is being promulgated that would deliberately fragment the nation into separate, unassimilated groups. The movement seems to take much of its ideology from the black separatism of the 1960s but derives its political force from the unprecedented raw numbers—15 million or more—of a group linked to a single tongue, Spanish. The new metaphor is not the melting pot but the salad bowl, with each element distinct. The biculturalists seek to use public services, particularly schools, not to Americanize the young but to heighten their consciousness of belonging to another heritage. Contends Tomás A. Arciniega, vice president for academic affairs at California State University at Fresno: "The promotion of cultural differences has to be recognized as a valid and legitimate educational goal." Miguel Gonzalez-Pando, director of the Center for Latino Education at Florida International University in Miami, says: "I speak Spanish at home, my social relations are mostly in Spanish, and I am raising my daughter as a Cuban American. It is a question of freedom of choice." In Gonzalez-Pando's city, where Hispanics outnumber whites, the anti-assimilationist theory has become accepted practice: Miami's youth can take twelve years of bilingual public schooling with no pretense made that the program is transitional toward anything. The potential for separatism is greater in Los Angeles. Philip Hawley, president of the Carter Hawley Hale retail store chain, cautions: "This is the only area in the U.S. that over the next 50 years could have a polarization into two distinct cultures, of the kind that brought about the Quebec situation in Canada." Professor Rodolfo Acuña of California State University at Northridge concurs. Says Acuña: "Talk of secession may come when there are shrinking economic resources and rising expectations among have-not Hispanics."

Already the separatists who resist accepting English have won laws and court cases mandating provision of social services, some government instructions, even election ballots in Spanish. The legitimizing effect of these decisions can be seen in the proliferation of billboards, roadside signs and other public communications posted in Spanish. Acknowledges Professor Ramon Ruiz of the University of California at San Diego: "The separatism question is with us already." The most portentous evidence is in the classrooms. Like its political cousins, equal opportunity and social justice, bilingual education is a catchall term that means what the speaker wishes it to mean.

There are at least four ways for schools to teach students who speak another language at home:

1) Total immersion in English, which relies on the proven ability of children to master new languages. Advocates of bilingual education argue that this approach disorients children and sometimes impedes their progress in other subjects, because those who have already mastered several grades' worth of material in their first language may be compelled to take English-language classes with much younger or slower students.

2) Short-term bilingual education, which may offer a full curriculum but is directed toward moving students into English-language classes as rapidly as possible. In a report last month by a Twentieth Century Fund task force, members who were disillu-

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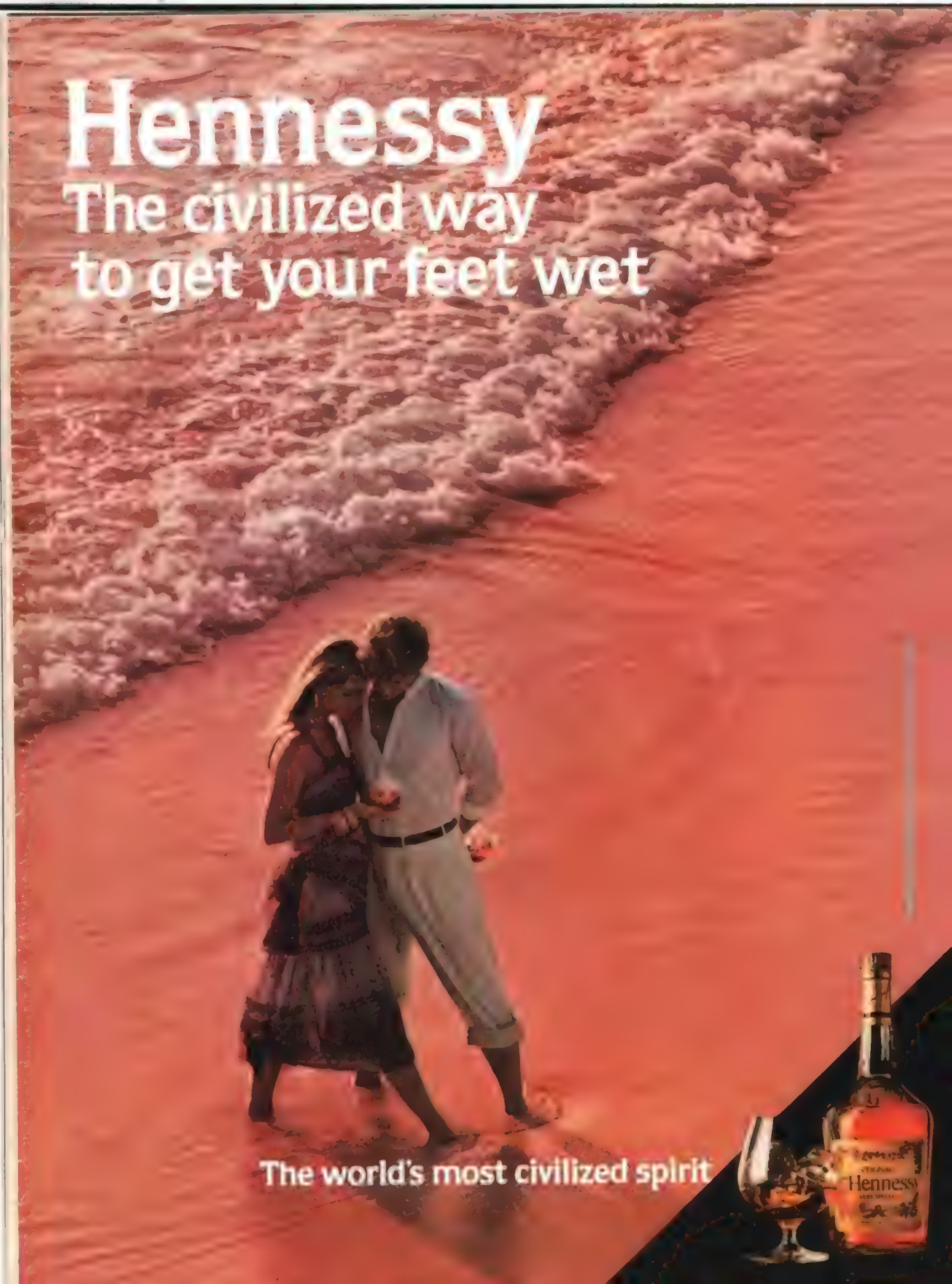
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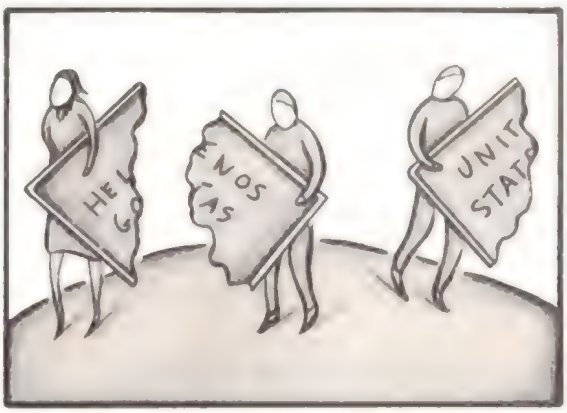
sioned with the performance of elaborate bilingual programs urged diversion of federal funds to the teaching of English. The panel held: "Schoolchildren will never swim in the American mainstream unless they are fluent in English."

3) Dual curriculum, which permits students to spend several years making the transition. This is the method urged by many moderate Hispanic, Chinese and other ethnic minority leaders. Says Historian Ruiz: "The direct approach destroys children's feelings of security. Bilingual education eases them from something they know to something they do not."

4) Language and cultural maintenance, which seeks to enhance students' mastery of their first language while also teaching them English. In Hispanic communities, the language training is often accompanied by courses in ethnic heritage. Argues Miami Attorney Manuel Diaz, a vice chairman of the Spanish American League Against Discrimination: "Cultural diversity makes this country strong. It is not a disease."

The rhetoric of supporters of bilingualism suggests that theirs may be a political solution to an educational problem. Indeed, some of them acknowledge that they view bilingual programs as a source of jobs for Hispanic administrators, teachers and aides. In cities with large minority enrollments, says a Chicago school principal who requested anonymity, "those of us who consider bilingual education ineffective are afraid that if we say so we will lose our jobs." Lawrence Uzzell, president of Learn Inc., a Washington-based research foundation, contends that Hispanic educational activists are cynically protecting their own careers. Says Uzzell: "The more the Hispanic child grows up isolated, the easier it is for politicians to manipulate him as part of an ethnic voting bloc."

The signal political success for bilingualism has been won at the U.S. Department of Education. After the Supreme Court ruled in 1974 that Chinese-speaking students were entitled to some instruction in a language they could understand, the DOE issued "informal" rules that now bind more than 400 school districts. Immersion in English, even rapid transition to English, does not satisfy the DOE; the rules compel school systems to offer a full curriculum to any group of 20 or more students who share a foreign language. The DOE rules have survived three presidencies, although Jesse Soriano, director of the Reagan Administration's $138 million bilingual program, concedes, "This is money that could be spent more effectively." About half of students from Spanish-speaking homes drop out before the end of high school; of the ones who remain, 30% eventually score two or more years below their age group on standardized tests. But it is hard to demonstrate the value of any bilingual approach in aiding those students. In 1982 Iris Rotberg reported in the *Harvard Education Review*: "Research findings have shown that bilingual programs are neither better nor worse than other instructional methods." Indeed, the DOE's review found that of all methods for teaching bilingual students English and mathematics, only total immersion in English clearly worked.



One major problem in assessing the worth of bilingual programs is that they often employ teachers who are less than competent in either English or Spanish, or in the specific subjects they teach. In a 1976 test of 136 teachers and aides in bilingual programs in New Mexico, only 13 could read and write Spanish at third-grade level. Says former Boston School Superintendent Robert Wood: "Many bilingual teachers do not have a command of English, and after three years of instruction under them, children also emerge without a command of English." Another complicating factor is the inability of researchers to determine whether the problems of Hispanic students stem more from language difficulty or from their economic class. Many Hispanic children who are unable to speak English have parents with little education who hold unskilled jobs; in school performance, these students are much like poor blacks and whites. Notes Harvard's Nathan Glazer: "If these students do poorly in English, they may be doing poorly in a foreign language."

Even if the educational value of bilingual programs were beyond dispute, there would remain questions about their psychic value to children. Among the sharpest critics of bilingualism is Author Richard Rodriguez, who holds a Berkeley Ph.D. in literature and grew up in a Spanish-speaking, working-class household; in his autobiography *Hunger of Memory*, Rodriguez argues that the separation from his family that a Hispanic child feels on becoming fluent in English is necessary to develop a sense of belonging to American society. Writes Rodriguez: "Bilingualists do not seem to realize that there are two ways a person is individualized. While one suffers a diminished sense of private individuality by becoming assimilated into public society, such assimilation makes possible the achievement of public individuality." By Rodriguez's reasoning, the discomfort of giving up the language of home is far less significant than the isolation of being unable to speak the language of the larger world.

The dubious value of bilingualism to students is only part of America's valid concern about how to absorb the Hispanic minority. The U.S., despite its exceptional diversity, has been spared most of the ethnic tensions that beset even such industrialized nations as Belgium and Spain. The rise of a large group, detached from the main population by language and custom, could affect the social stability of the country. Hispanic leaders, moreover, acknowledge that their constituents have been less inclined to become assimilated than previous foreign-language communities, in part because many of them anticipated that after earning and saving, they would return to Puerto Rico, Mexico, South America or Cuba. Says Historian Doyce Nunis of the University of Southern California: "For the first time in American experience, a large immigrant group may be electing to bypass the processes of acculturation." Miami Mayor Maurice Ferré, a Puerto Rican, claims that in his city a resident can go from birth through school and working life to death without ever having to speak English. But most Hispanic intellectuals claim that their communities, like other immigrant groups before them, cling together only to combat discrimination.

The disruptive potential of bilingualism and biculturalism is still worrisome: millions of voters cut off from the main sources of information, millions of potential draftees inculcated with dual ethnic loyalties, millions of would-be employees ill at ease in the language of their workmates. Former Senator S.I. Hayakawa of California was laughed at for proposing a constitutional amendment to make English the official language of the U.S. It was a gesture of little practical consequence but great symbolic significance: many Americans mistakenly feel there is something racist, or oppressive, in expecting newcomers to share the nation's language and folkways.

Beyond practical politics and economics, separatism belittles the all-embracing culture that America has embodied for the world. Says Writer Irving Howe, a scholar of literature and the Jewish immigrant experience: "The province, the ethnic nest, remains the point from which everything begins, but it must be transcended." That transcendence does not mean disappearance. It is possible to eat a Mexican meal, dance a Polish polka, sing in a Rumanian choir, preserve one's ethnicity however one wishes, and still share fully in the English-speaking common society. Just as American language, food and popular culture reflect the past groups who landed in the U.S., so future American culture will reflect the Hispanics, Asians and many other groups who are replanting their roots. As Author Rodriguez observes after his journey into the mainstream, "Culture survives whether you want it to or not."

—By William A. Henry III

Changing the key players: As Enders, left, watches, Secretary of State Shultz announces the appointments of Pickering and Motley

World

CENTRAL AMERICA

Making Peace at Home

Shultz forestalls a diplomatic flap by picking his own man for El Salvador

Secretary of State George Shultz was plunged into another delicate and important peace-keeping mission last week. This time, he was not involved in untangling the problems of the Atlantic Alliance or the Middle East. Instead, he was faced with an ill-defined upheaval in his own pinstriped bailiwick at Foggy Bottom. Washington's professional diplomats were up in arms over the Reagan Administration's surprise decision two weeks ago to replace Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas O. Enders, 51, and U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Deane R. Hinton, 60, as the key players in the nation's most contentious foreign policy game, how to deal with troublesome Central America.

Shultz countered the diplomatic insurgency by announcing that Hinton's replacement in El Salvador would be Thomas R. Pickering, 51, a distinguished career diplomat who is currently U.S. Ambassador to Nigeria. Pickering thus becomes the third member of a new diplomatic troika. The other two previously appointed members are L. Anthony Motley, 45, who was Ambassador to Brazil, and Richard Stone, a former Democratic Senator from Florida, who was sworn in last week as the State Department's special envoy to Central America. Said Shultz: "[Pickering] is the best possible man for the job. We picked out of the very heavy cream the best that the Foreign Service has to offer."

Shultz's praise for Pickering glossed over a power struggle that has absorbed Washington ever since the Secretary of State abruptly announced on an airplane bound for the Williamsburg summit that he would replace the tall, patrician Enders. According to the Administration, the shift was merely routine. In fact, it brought into the open a fight over who would control U.S. policy in Central America and especially in embattled El Salvador. In theory, the change left Shultz in absolute charge of Central American affairs, but some skeptics wondered if the shuffle might leave more authority with the White House, where National Security Adviser William Clark and U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick increasingly hold sway over the President's attitudes toward Central America.

Whether the changes in personalities at State presage a further turn to the right in U.S. policy in Central America, however, is doubtful. As Shultz said last week: "Our Central American policy is set. Our policy is, and remains, as it was enunciated by the President in his speech to Congress [on April 27]." Declared Reagan: "We are not changing the policy I have outlined."

Nonetheless, Shultz was confronted with an uncommon degree of rancor among State Department officials after word came that Enders, an architect of U.S. policy toward Central America, was about to be shuffled off as Ambassador to Madrid. Professional diplomats at State became increasingly outraged over a steady stream of anonymous denigrating comments about Enders that emerged from the White House. Among the accusations: that, contrary to White House policy, Enders favored conciliatory negotiations with the guerrillas in El Salvador; that he insisted excessively on the importance of emphasizing economic as well as military aid to El Salvador in President Reagan's April speech to Congress. Above all, there was a clash of personalities, particularly between Enders and Kirkpatrick. Said a top State Department official: "He [Enders] should not have been treated that way. No one here believes that character assassination is a good mechanism for handling personnel disputes."

The outgoing and outspoken Hinton talks to the press

Stone, right, visits Salvadoran President Magaña last week

The State Department bureaucrats decided to draw the line at the White House staff's desire to replace Ambassador to El Salvador Deane Hinton with a man of their own choosing. A colorful, outspoken and energetic diplomat, Hinton was due to leave El Salvador this summer in any case; by all accounts, he has been highly successful at what Shultz last week described as one of the "most important, difficult, demanding and sophisticated" U.S. diplomatic jobs anywhere.*

From time to time, however, Hinton has caused discomfort to the White House. Last year he was reprimanded—"brutally," according to one account—by National Security Adviser Clark when he publicly castigated El Salvador for its abysmal human rights record. Clark wanted to replace Hinton with Gerald E. Thomas, a black retired Navy admiral who has served, without undue distinction, as U.S. Ambassador to Guyana since December 1981. Thomas was seen by the Reagan White House as a diplomat who, unlike the arrogant Enders and the mercurial Hinton, would easily comply with Oval Office views.

The news immediately provoked outrage. Senior State Department officials warned Shultz that it was imperative that he choose Hinton's successor himself, in order to show who really ran the main instrument of U.S. diplomacy. Said a participant in the bureaucratic wrangling: "Others may have had their candidate [for the ambassadorial post], but if it was really the Secretary's responsibility to run [Central American] policy, then he had to have his choice."

Shultz concurred with his aides that El Salvador required the most competent career emissary that his department could provide—meaning Pickering. In the end, winning the bureaucratic trial of strength was relatively easy. Shultz took the matter directly to Clark, who readily agreed to the choice. According to some State Department cynics, Clark merely recognized that the White House needed no further unfavorable publicity over its choices of diplomatic personnel.

What is still unclear is whether Shultz or the White House staff is now in charge of Central American policy. And whoever is in charge, what does that mean? According to Shultz, the U.S. remains committed to a "sophisticated but I think very correct" set of policies in connection with war-torn El Salvador. That policy, Shultz reiterated last week, contains four elements: 1) increased aid in developing the economy and democratic institutions; 2) military assistance aimed at strengthening the Salvadoran army so that it can keep the guerrillas at bay long enough for the first goal to produce results; 3) support for negotiations to broaden participation in the democratic process, notably in the elections now scheduled for late 1983; and 4) encouragement of multilateral talks in which other countries in the region would try to help solve security problems. That combination of aims, said Shultz, "is the policy that has been and remains fully in effect."

As one sign of its commitment to those goals, the Administration last week sent off Special Envoy Richard Stone on a twelve-day, ten-nation "listening" tour of Central America. On his first stop, in El Salvador, Stone met with Provisional President Alvaro Alfredo Magaña, Defense Minister Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, and the country's archbishop, Arturo Rivera y Damas. Stone will also visit Nicaragua; it will be the first high-level U.S. visit to the revolutionary Sandinista government since Enders met with Junta Coordinator Daniel Ortega Saavedra there in 1981. Among other things, the Stone visit is intended to emphasize to the U.S. Congress that the Reagan Administration is still willing to pursue a reasonable and flexible course in its Central American policy. Nonetheless, said Stone, "the odds are long" against expectations for peace any time soon in the region.

Many Congressmen are equally skeptical about that prospect. Last week the Republican leadership in the House of Representatives used parliamentary procedures for the third time to put off a vote by the House Foreign Affairs Committee to cut off funding for the Administration's ill-concealed covert support for armed Nicaraguan counterrevolutionaries who oppose their country's leftist government. Clement Zablocki, chairman of the House committee, called the latest maneuverings at State "not helpful" in the long-term effort to prevent an anti-Administration

NICKELSBERG

Leftist guerrillas attack a government patrol in El Salvador

The warning: all American advisers will return home "in coffins."

*Four months ago, Hinton married a Salvadoran. While the relationship may have contributed to Hinton's sophisticated understanding of El Salvador, it did not violate any State Department regulations and played no role in his transfer.

vote. Argued liberal Democratic Congressman Gerry Studds of Massachusetts: "The Administration is clearly in violation of a host of international laws and treaties. If you have to behave like the Soviets to compete with the Soviets, you've squandered the one area of competition where we are clearly ahead." To suggest that the Reagan Administration, whatever its faults, is behaving "like the Soviets" must strike even-handed observers as outlandish.

But Administration policy was further tarnished last week with the revelation that the Central Intelligence Agency had suggested to two congressional oversight committees last December that the CIA undertake a covert operation aimed at overthrowing the Marxist-oriented dictatorship of Desi Bouterse in the South American nation of Suriname. The idea was flatly turned down by Congress, on the ground that the CIA had failed to prove that the Surinamese government had fallen solidly into the Cuban and Soviet camp. If anything, the attempt seemed to help solidify congressional antagonism toward the kind of covert actions that the Reagan Administration is now sponsoring in Nicaragua. Said a congressional committee member who helped to veto the Surinamese operation: "Suriname just confirmed our fears that covert operations were no longer an instrument of last resort for this Administration."

Comparisons with Soviet behavior, protests over covert action and the latest bureaucratic maneuvers in Washington have tended to obscure the fact that Marxist-led insurgents in countries like El Salvador are as adept as the U.S. and their clients in their use of firearms. A faction of the Salvadoran rebels reaffirmed that fact last week. Having taken credit for the May 25 assassination of U.S. Military Adviser Lieut. Commander Albert Schaufelberger III in the capital of San Salvador, the so-called Popular Forces of Liberation (F.P.L.) warned that the guerrillas would now step up armed attacks against military men in the country. All of the U.S. advisers, said a radio broadcast heard in San Salvador, would be carried home "in coffins."

Whatever its other problems, the Reagan Administration showed no signs of quailing before that threat. The White House has decided to send 20 to 25 U.S. medical specialists to El Salvador. More important, the U.S. has already announced that it will send 100 military advisers to Honduras in order to train Salvadoran troops. In doing so, the Administration gets around the self-imposed ceiling of 55 U.S. trainers allowed in El Salvador. Nonetheless, said an Administration official, "there's no consideration at present of increasing personnel, funding or the level of U.S. involvement" in Central America. *—By George Russell. Reported by Johanna McGeary and Evan Thomas/Washington*

A Charmer and a Pro

"I suppose I should employ the old mother-in-law joke about mixed feelings. It's like seeing your mother-in-law going over a cliff in your new Cadillac." With that happy-go-lucky quip, L. (for Langhorne) Anthony Motley confirmed to newsmen that he would be replacing Thomas O. Enders as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. The mixed feelings might apply equally well to Thomas R. Pickering, who was unexpectedly nominated last week for the daunting position of U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador. But the good-humored nonchalance was vintage Motley.

Whereas Enders sometimes projects an air of lofty erudition, the boyish and plain-spoken Motley relies on agile street smarts rather than deskbound knowledge, and on an instinctive gift for dealing with individuals rather than ideas. The son of an American oil executive and a British-Brazilian mother, he was born and grew up amid sun-splashed privilege in Rio de Janeiro. After graduating from the Citadel military school in Charleston, S.C., Motley joined the Air Force and was posted from 1965 to 1967 in Panama—his only Central American experience—and later in Alaska. There he switched careers and founded what has since become the largest real estate firm in the state. He was, recalls Anchorage Attorney Clifford Groh, "affable, very enjoyable," but also a "take-charge sort of guy."

Motley in Brasília

It was while canvassing for Alaska's two Senators that Motley, though no ideologue, endeared himself to Republicans on Capitol Hill. That association earned him the ambassadorship to Brazil in July 1981, amid a chorus of skeptical murmurs. But Motley's brand of eager and enterprising informality was well suited to his birthplace. He not only silenced his detractors but also charmed an impressive number of high-level Brazilians, all in fluent Portuguese. Sometimes driving out to the country in his pickup for drinks with Brazil's President João Baptista Figueiredo, he was instrumental in arranging state visits between Figueiredo and Reagan.

To offset his lack of diplomatic experience, Motley should bring to Central America a familiarity with Latin ways, an understanding of the military mind and a smooth social adroitness. Dressed, characteristically, in blue jeans and sports shirt, he told TIME that a change in U.S. policy toward Latin America was not necessary. But he does believe that the disproportionate amount of attention Central America has attracted in Washington has obscured U.S. interests elsewhere in the hemisphere. After Motley's auspicious first week in his new position, one State Department official observed, "He might even come to be branded a pragmatist."

In contrast to the easygoing Motley, Pickering is a low-key but highly regarded career diplomat who has quietly glided up in the State Department hierarchy. Having been executive secretary of the State Department, a high post involving internal management, Pickering served as Ambassador to Jordan from 1974 to 1978 and, since 1981, to Nigeria. In both nations, he won admirers. A senior Jordanian diplomat remembers him as one of Washington's best envoys to the kingdom, "a first-rate professional diplomat who always dealt with us honestly and intelligently." Beneath his soft-spoken, scholarly demeanor, Pickering can be personable and witty. Indeed, he established an unusual rapport both with Jordan's King Hussein and with Nigerian President Shehu Shagari.

Above all, Pickering is celebrated for his ability to assimilate facts quickly and efficiently. "He's the sort of ambassador who spends a lot of time on details in order to paint the big picture well," recalled a Western diplomat in Lagos. One handy example of that diligence: Pickering has been studying, and doubtless mastering, Spanish. "That," remarked Secretary of State George Shultz, "is where he showed great foresight." The coming months will reveal what other strengths he and Motley can bring to a troubled area.

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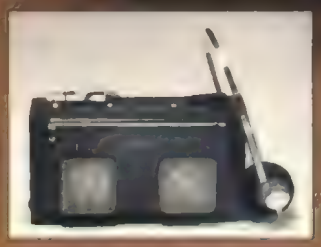

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Caught in the Crossfire

Honduras' democracy is threatened by meddling neighbors

In a region where military strongmen have often held sway, the election of a civilian President in Honduras 2½ years ago was hailed as a triumph for democracy. For a time, it appeared that this nation of 4 million people, the poorest in Central America, might escape the turmoil that troubles neighboring Nicaragua and El Salvador. But the conflict has since spilled over Honduran borders. U.S.-backed anti-Sandinista guerrillas have turned the country into a staging ground for operations against leftist Nicaragua. Two weeks ago, the Reagan Administration announced that it would send an additional 100 U.S. military advisers to Honduras and that the Americans would begin to train Salvadoran troops at Puerto Castilla on Honduras' northern coast. Many Hondurans fear that their fledgling democracy may be in danger. Warned a pastoral letter from the powerful Roman Catholic Church hierarchy last October: "Even though we have a more democratic society, people do not enjoy the necessary tranquillity of freedom."

Much of the anxious talk in Tegucigalpa centers on one man: General Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, 45, the fervently anti-Communist commander in chief of the Honduran armed forces. When Roberto Suazo Córdova was sworn in last year as Honduras' first civilian President in a decade, Alvarez vowed that the army would be at the service of the state. But growing U.S. military involvement in Honduras may have weighted the delicate power balance in favor of Alvarez. Critics argue that Alvarez, who was scheduled to visit Washington this week, now plays such an important role in advancing U.S. interests in the region, particularly efforts to harass Nicaragua, that he has become a law unto himself. They claim he has shrewdly manipulated fears of a Sandinista invasion in order to consolidate his own power. Some Hondurans also worry that U.S.-trained and -equipped Salvadoran troops could one day turn on Honduras to settle border conflicts that helped trigger a war between the two countries in 1969. Says Efrain Diaz Arrivillaga, the sole Christian Democratic deputy in the 82-member Honduran Congress: "The U.S. emphasis on giving money to the military weakens already weak civilian institutions."

U.S. Ambassador to Honduras John Negroponte dismisses the notion that Alvarez really rules Honduras, calling it "a myth that serves the stereotypical view of Central Americans." Still, the return to civilian rule has left a tempting power vacuum. Business and labor leaders know that if they want anything done quickly they must go to the general because problems referred to the President's office all too often become entangled in bureaucratic red tape. The Honduran Congress, which was restored in 1982, has been timid about exercising its constitutional powers, although the recent U.S.-Honduran military talks may prompt reluctant legislators to make a show of protest. Carlos Orbín Montoya, vice president of Congress, has openly questioned whether Alvarez had the power to negotiate the deal with Washington.

A host of economic ills has compounded the new government's troubles.

STEVE CLEVENGER

The mothers of missing Hondurans march in Tegucigalpa

"People do not enjoy the necessary tranquillity of freedom."

Like much of the developing world, Honduras has found that earnings from its exports (mainly produce such as bananas and coffee) have not kept pace with the cost of imported oil. Foreign reserve accounts are now $75 million in the red, and economic growth has dipped 1.2% in the past year. According to conservative estimates, the unemployment rate stands at 22%, but if all those holding part-time jobs were counted, it might top 44%. The U.S. has promised Honduras $98.6 million in economic aid this fiscal year. Even so, the amount is not enough to bail out the country and finance its ever increasing military expenditures. Says Honduran Industrialist Miguel Facussé: "Our economy is a complete mess."

Fearful that leftist radicals might try to exploit Honduras' domestic woes, Alvarez began to crack down on terrorists after the inauguration of Suazo in January 1982. The Argentine-trained Alvarez seemed to be adopting the same tactics the military junta in Buenos Aires used in its "dirty war" against leftist terrorists in the 1970s. According to human rights activists, 34 people have been murdered and an additional five have disappeared under mysterious circumstances. In April, paramilitary squads gunned down three trade-union leaders. Says Ramón Custodio López, a doctor who helped found the Honduran Commission for the Defense of Human Rights: "The repression is systematic. It is directed against anyone suspected of being a sympathizer or supporter of the revolution in El Salvador or in Nicaragua."

In his defense, the general contends that reports of human rights abuses are considerably exaggerated and points out that the men responsible for the trade-union murders were quickly brought to trial. Alvarez, as he sees it, has been forced to respond to the dramatic upsurge of leftist terrorism that followed the return to civilian rule. Last year, for example, Honduran leftists hijacked a domestic airliner and later held 100 businessmen and government leaders captive in the San Pedro Sula Chamber of Commerce building. Honduran security police have also uncovered "safe houses" used by El Salvador's guerrillas to store guns and radio transmitters.

Honduran military leaders are particularly concerned about a marked buildup in the Nicaraguan army, which now numbers 25,000, compared with the 11,500-member Honduran force. They point out that the Nicaraguans have stationed tanks within easy striking distance of Honduras, while Honduran troops have been kept away from the border. The Sandinista junta has made no secret of its interest in making trouble for the U.S.-backed government in Tegucigalpa. In April, Nicaragua's government-controlled press gave prominent coverage to the founding of a new coalition of Honduran guerrillas, the National Unity Directorate of the Revolutionary Movement of Honduras. The group attacked the "interventionist and warmongering policy that the Reagan Administration has imposed on the Honduran government and army" and called on the nation "to rise up with bravery and determination in a people's revolutionary war."

U.S. officials remain optimistic that Honduras will not be swept into Central America's vortex of violence. Says Ambassador Negroponte: "In spite of the pressure, Honduras is managing its economic affairs responsibly, democratically and reasonably effectively." But Hondurans at the center of the political spectrum voice concern that there will soon be no place for them if the polarization between right and left continues. If so, one of the most tragic victims in the struggle to check Communist influence on the continent may prove to be Honduras' fragile democracy. —*By John Kohan. Reported by James Willwerth/Tegucigalpa*

"I Will Not Be Blackmailed"

Honduran President Roberto Suazo Córdova, 56, discussed his nation's considerable troubles in a rare interview with TIME *Managing Editor Ray Cave and Mexico City Bureau Chief James Willwerth at the National Palace in Tegucigalpa. Excerpts:*

On relations with Nicaragua. Last September the Nicaraguans started to say that Honduras was going to invade. They said it in October. They said it again in November, and in December they said that President Reagan was supposed to give the invasion order during his visit. Our army is not even near the border. They want to look like the victim and have us look like the aggressor internationally. We will not attack. But if we are attacked, even by an inch, we will fight back.

BOB NICKELSBERG

President Suazo Córdova

On the *contras*. In 1979 the Sandinista commanders were here. They bought arms and came and went freely. Now there are anti-Sandinista refugees here, and they have also obtained arms. I feel that the anti-Sandinista cause will progress and that many of the Nicaraguan militias will defect.

On the domino theory. Subversion comes from Nicaragua and El Salvador. It is a declared theory of subversion that if Honduras falls, Mexico will. If Central America falls, then you in New York will hear the bombs of subversion. We are not going to permit foreigners to subvert our order. I will not be blackmailed. Even when my daughter was kidnaped [in 1982 she was seized in Guatemala and released after a statement from her kidnapers was published in newspapers] I asked God's forgiveness for not negotiating for her. The law must come first.

On human rights. Critics say that the fight against subversion has led to rising human-rights abuses. I do not hear those who decry human-rights abuses in Honduras mentioning Afghanistan or Cuba. We have had businessmen kidnaped by the left, but I do not hear the critics protesting.

On relations with the U.S. We do not defend the interests of the United States. We defend the interests of democracy in Honduras and in Central America. We were, we are and we will be friends of the United States, but we are not acting at the whim of the United States. You have to be blind not to see that Nicaragua is influenced by the Communists.

On the need for more U.S. aid. We have received aid from the Caribbean Basin Initiative. However, the aid is insignificant compared with what Nicaragua receives from Communist countries. If Honduras stated that it would align itself with Cuba, I am sure we would receive $500 million tomorrow. But I will not accept Communist money. We need aid for the war on poverty, not for war on other countries.

On his relations with General Alvarez Martínez. The orders of the President to the chief of the armed forces are obeyed. The day they are not obeyed, I will just go home. So far, my orders are being obeyed.

"Time to Make Decisions"

General Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, many Hondurans believe, wields more power than the country's President. Alvarez, 45, met with TIME *to voice his views on the Central American crisis. Excerpts:*

On the Sandinista threat. Nicaragua has said in an international forum that Honduras is threatening and hurting it. It is Nicaragua that is a base for a war of conquest in the Caribbean Basin. Nicaragua is supporting subversion in Honduras and uses our territory for the traffic in arms. We are also seeing a disproportionate growth in the Sandinista armed forces. In a period of three years, they have grown more than threefold [to 27,000]. I do not believe they are increasing their military just for parade purposes. When you think about the fact that the Nicaraguan economy is in as deplorable a situation as ours, you wonder where the money for the armed forces came from.

BICKELSBERG

General Alvarez Martínez

On U.S. support for Honduras. For the first time in many years a President has spoken very directly about our problem. This is a threat to the U.S. and its interests too. It is time to make decisions that have been delayed for so many years. The consequence of that delay has been the advance of Communism in the region. In Western Europe, nations with strong economies and the NATO military umbrella can negotiate with Communists. But it is very difficult to coexist with Communism in a Latin context. We are a fragile democracy. Can we exist with a Soviet base in the region? We would be facing a superpower, the Soviet Union, through its surrogates, Nicaragua and Cuba. If Nicaragua had a Nicaraguan type of Communism, this would be a different situation.

On the *contras*. I believe that in a short time there will be a general insurrection in Nicaragua. The situation should become clearer in the next few months. There will come a time when the opposition in Nicaragua will need sizable logistical support. It would be very sad if it does not receive that support. It would freeze the opposition and allow the regime to consolidate. The result would be brutal repression. Since President Reagan has said the U.S. is helping this effort, for the U.S. to allow 7,000 people to go in and then leave them out on a limb would be a disaster. It would be a repeat of the Bay of Pigs invasion and a total discredit to the U.S.

On human rights in Honduras. We have had terrorism in this country and applied reasonable and necessary force. It is the Communists who make the charges of human-rights violations. I cannot deny the possibility that one of my subordinates has violated a person's human rights or the law. What I can guarantee is that there were no orders supporting this. I am a Christian. I have five children. I love them. I cannot disregard human rights. I do condemn human-rights organizations that are partial. They exploit the good will of a lot of people for their own aims.

On his relations with President Suazo Córdova. This has been the hobbyhorse of enemies of Honduras who want to isolate the government. They would like to say the government is all a façade. In Honduras, the President is the one who rules, and his orders are respected. The armed forces of Honduras have learned a lot in the past few years. We would be irresponsible and commit a crime against our country if we did not respect the duly elected representative of our people. The day the President of this republic gives me an order I do not like, I will leave my position.

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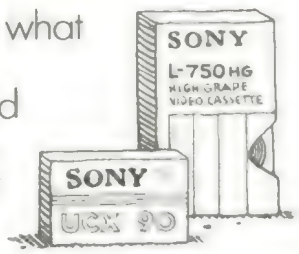


SONY.

Bombed by Sendero guerrillas, the Bayer chemical plant outside Lima erupts in flames

PERU

Risky Path

Belaúnde warily cracks down

Lima's commuters were heading home at 7:30 p.m. when the city was rocked by a series of detonations so powerful that they rattled office windows 15 miles away. As seven high-tension pylons collapsed in the dynamite explosion, lights in the Peruvian capital (pop. 5 million) flickered, then failed. In the darkness, terrified inhabitants were shaken by 20 more blasts, including one that gutted a Bayer pharmaceutical factory, causing more than $100 million in property damage. It could have been much worse: police later discovered a mortar hidden under a bridge in range of the downtown Government Palace. Authorities believe that the terrorists intended to use it to hurl sticks of dynamite into the room where President Fernando Belaúnde Terry and his wife would be eating dinner

A blazing hammer and sickle on a hillside outside of the city signaled that the attacks were the work of an increasingly active band of guerrillas who call themselves *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path). Last week Belaúnde reluctantly cracked down. For the first time since his democratically elected government took power in 1980 after twelve years of military dictatorship, Belaúnde, 69, declared a 60-day national state of emergency, suspending civil liberties and giving police broad powers to seize suspected guerrillas for up to ten days without charges. Within 24 hours, police had arrested 200 people, although all but 14 were subsequently released. The harsh actions run counter to the government's efforts to promote democracy in Peru, but they reflect the seriousness of the challenge the insurgents now pose. Admits an Interior Ministry official: "We underestimated Sendero."

Although the assault on Lima was the most daring raid yet by the guerrillas, nearly 3,000 government troops and police have been battling them for months in their rugged Andean stronghold of Ayacucho, 200 miles to the southeast. In the past three years, skirmishes between the insurgents and the army have killed more than 1,000 people. Those numbers are now sure to rise: in a sign of the government's new sense of urgency, 50,000 police have been deployed throughout the country.

Until recently, Belaúnde believed that he could afford to ignore the Senderistas, a small band of no more than 2,000 students and Indian peasants who claim a tenuous adherence to Maoism while following archaic tribal customs of the Incas. Since last December, however, the well-trained insurgents have become increasingly violent. They have killed nine policemen, seemingly at random, and terrorized mountain villages by executing their leaders.

Sendero claims to be fighting for Peru's 15 million rural and largely impoverished Indians and mixed bloods. They bitterly resent the nation's 3 million whites, who have dominated Peru's economy and politics ever since the Spanish conquest in 1533. The threat of ethnic conflict has been partly responsible for a surprising show of unity behind Belaúnde's emergency measures, which even leftist Opposition Leader Senator Enrique Bernales admitted were "justified."

But as Belaúnde well knows, the most likely threat to Peru's fledgling democracy is actually from the right. In Lima's coffee houses, talk often turns to fears that the Sendero attacks will strengthen the hand of military hard-liners who would prefer a more authoritarian government. There have even been rumors of a military coup similar to the one that deposed Belaúnde in his first term as democratically elected President in 1968.

In fact, no one in the army is eager to challenge Belaúnde's authority. Not only has he taken care to pay his generals well, but no military leaders are credited with his political skills. The Sendero threat has increased just as Peru is struggling with a severe drought in the south, flooding in the north and a crushing economic recession. Says a Peruvian Congressman: "Who else would want to try running things right now? It would be political suicide." With the Senderistas showing every sign of intensifying their attacks, Belaúnde's job may soon be even less attractive. ■

BRITAIN

Final Effort

Maggie tries for a landslide

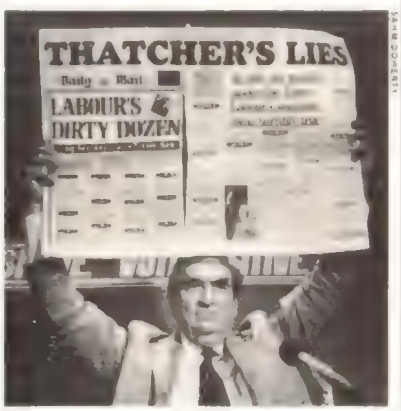
As Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher returned to London from the Williamsburg summit, a crushing Conservative victory in this week's parliamentary elections seemed all but assured. Still, there were unexpected signs of voter uneasiness with the prospect of a Thatcher landslide. A poll by Market and Opinion Research International (MORI) showed the Tories with a comfortable though dwindling eleven-point lead over Labor. Yet the survey also indicated an upsurge in the fortunes of the centrist Social Democratic/Liberal Alliance, mostly at Thatcher's expense. In a week the level of support for the Conservatives dropped from 51% to 43%, while the popularity of the new alliance jumped from 15% to 23%. Labor declined only marginally, from 33% to 32%.

PETER JORDAN

Thatcher

Both opposition blocs seemed intent on throwing all their ammunition into a frantic final effort to slow the Thatcher juggernaut. Deputy Labor Party Leader Denis Winston Healey launched a merciless, near hysterical attack on Thatcher for her leadership during the Falklands war. Speaking of "this Prime Minister who glories in slaughter," he accused Thatcher "of wrapping herself in the Union Jack and exploiting our soldiers, sailors and airmen." The outburst stunned even the opposition. Replied Conservative Party Chairman Cecil Parkinson: "This must win the prize for the most contemptible statement of the elec-

SAHN DOHERTY



Healey waves a contentious party poster

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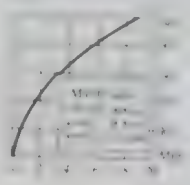

But performance does not come at the expense of gas mileage. In fact, 1983 EPA figures show a significant improvement over last year's fuel economy.

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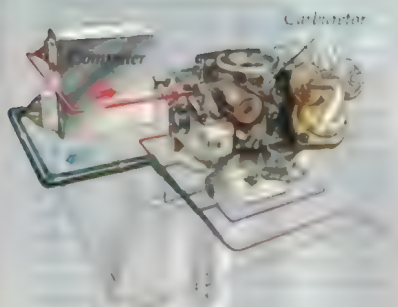

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tion campaign." Thatcher declared that Healey's remark was "beyond all bounds of public or political decency."

Poll results showed that popular Liberal Leader David Steel would add about nine percentage points to Alliance support if he were the coalition's head instead of the soft-edged, florid Roy Jenkins, the Social Democratic Party's leader. So Alliance politicians decided to put Steel in the forefront for the remainder of the campaign. Steel, 45, was rated by MORI as the candidate who has most impressed British voters during the campaign. Even so, the Alliance will probably not displace Labor as the official opposition, because Britain's electoral system favors the two established parties.

The Alliance's last-ditch efforts to attract anti-Thatcher sentiment received a timely boost from Labor Leader Michael Foot's manifest ineptness on the stump, as well as from the growing disarray within the Labor Party. The leftist *New Statesman* abandoned its traditional support for Labor, urging its readers to vote for the Alliance in an effort to "stop Thatcherism in its tracks." Concluded the 70-year-old weekly: "The priority now must be to deny Mrs. Thatcher her goal of a working majority large enough for her to railroad through another five years of New Rightism."

Foot's wife, Feminist Author Jill Craigie, inadvertently seemed to deliver the *coup de grâce* to her husband's chances in an interview with the Reading *Evening Post*. "Even if the party wins," said Craigie, "I should not think that he would stay on for long because it would be time to make way for a younger man." Asked if Foot would resign as leader if Labor lost, she replied: "Oh, yes." When newsmen queried the candidate about his wife's remarks, he seemed oddly reluctant to dispute them, though he insisted that he had no immediate thoughts of resigning. Said Foot: "I have never run away from anything in my life." That was not enough to stop the growing belief that Foot's days as a Labor leader were numbered

As the Labor campaign faltered, Thatcher re-entered the fray, fending off Healey's charges that she intended to abolish Britain's 35-year-old government-run medical-care system. Said she: "I have no more intention of dismantling the National Health Service than I have of dismantling Britain's defenses." But as she noted the Alliance's sharp rise in the polls, Thatcher momentarily, and perhaps for the first time in the campaign, seemed flustered. She warned of the possibility of electing a militant Labor government if too many people "thought it safe to give other parties a protest vote; that is the greater danger, make no mistake." Her remark seemed to lend credence to the Alliance's belief that an increasing number of Britons are as worried at the prospect of an overwhelming Thatcher victory as they are anxious about the chaos and leftward movement within the Labor Party. ■

MIDDLE EAST

Hard-Liners Take Center Stage

Fears of war recede, but the revolt against Arafat spreads

The Middle East remained in a dangerous stalemate last week, and there were few signs as to how it could be broken. Syria's decision to end its four-day-long maneuvers in Lebanon defused some of the military tension, but a war of bellicose rhetoric continued. Arriving in Libya for a meeting with his hard-line colleague Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, Syrian President Hafez Assad declared that the U.S.-sponsored agreement for the withdrawal of Israeli troops from Lebanon was "in a state of collapse and death." Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin warned that if the Syrians attacked Israel, "we shall all have to defend our lives, our existence and our future."

In the meantime, the rebellion against Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat from the ranks of his Fatah organization spread unexpectedly. Mutineers seized six Fatah military supply depots in the Damascus area. The mutiny was given a further boost by news that the commander of Fatah's civilian militia forces in Lebanon, Mousa Awad, had joined the rebels. Awad charged that Arafat and his supporters had been "deluded by American schemes." Heavy fighting reportedly broke out at week's end near the ancient city of Baalbek in eastern Lebanon between Awad's men and troops loyal to Arafat. The P.L.O. leader, meanwhile, had left for Rumania.

It was now obvious that Arafat faced a serious challenge to his leadership. The rebels were upset over Arafat's recent tendencies toward moderation, notably his series of discussions with Jordan's King Hussein on President Reagan's Sept. 1 peace initiative, which called for the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip to be linked to Jordan. Left-wing elements within Fatah oppose any settlement that would give the Palestinians less than a wholly sovereign and independent state, however unrealistic that goal may be. They in effect vetoed Arafat's attempts to reach an agreement with Hussein that would have allowed the Jordanian King to pursue the Reagan initiative in alliance with the Palestinians. The dissidents were actively encouraged by Assad and Gaddafi, who are opposed to Arafat's efforts toward moderation. They believe the Arabs must not negotiate with the Jerusalem government until their military strength is as great as that of Israel.

The Syrian government formed a committee of three senior officials to mediate between Arafat and the dissidents. But the group's initial proposals reportedly were heavily weighted in favor of the rebels. In addition to giving the dissidents strong representation in Fatah's councils, the Syrians are said to have suggested that the original leader of the revolt, Colonel Said Mousa, be named Arafat's chief military deputy.

A beleaguered Chairman Arafat with P.L.O. colleagues in the Bekaa Valley

It was now obvious that he faced a serious challenge to his leadership.

At one point, Arafat seemed ready to offer an amnesty to the leaders of the revolt. There was no such talk as the chairman led a two-day meeting of the Fatah central committee in the Bekaa Valley. Arafat is now paying the price of the P.L.O.'s defeat last year in Lebanon and of his subsequent efforts toward compromise. If he should lose the present power struggle, the P.L.O. could easily split into two or more groups, with Arafat leading the more moderate elements and the Syrians dominating the more radical wing.

Prime Minister Begin, too, faced a rising tide of impatience over the situation in Lebanon. He called on his countrymen to stand together until a withdrawal has been achieved, and he insisted that Israel has "absolutely no intention of attacking the Syrians." ■

A Violent War of Nerves

Dangerous and demoralizing days for Israeli forces in Lebanon

"It is hostile country, and death lurks in every corner and behind every door. You can see the hatred. You can feel it."
—An Israeli officer in Lebanon

It was a bright and seemingly placid Sunday morning. A two-vehicle Israeli patrol was traveling along a winding road in the barren foothills of the Chouf mountains southeast of Beirut. As the troops rounded a sharp curve, they passed a white Mercedes parked by the side of the road. Suddenly four men in the car jumped out and sprayed the patrol with automatic-weapons fire. Two of the soldiers were killed instantly and three others wounded. The attackers escaped.

That brazen daylight attack on Israeli forces last week underscored the urgency behind Prime Minister Menachem Begin's pledge to the Knesset, delivered three days later, "to bring our sons home from Lebanon." It also drove home a harder truth to the Israeli public: one year after the Israeli invasion that was launched with the intention of transforming Lebanon into a friendly neighbor whose soil would never again be used as a base for attacks against Israel, Israeli forces in Lebanon have become bogged down in an increasingly violent war of nerves. Three days after the Chouf ambush, an Israeli convoy was fired upon from a passing car, this time on a main street on the outskirts of East Beirut. Said an Israeli officer in southern Lebanon: "A certain increase of terrorist activities was noticed right after the ratification of the Israeli-Lebanese agreement. Now they shoot at anything that looks Israeli."

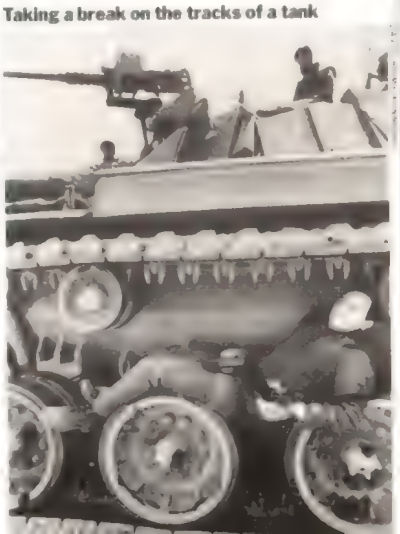
In the past month alone, seven Israeli soldiers have been killed and 60 wounded in 33 guerrilla attacks. The new casualties bring to 490 the number of Israelis killed and to 2,700 those injured since the invasion on June 6, 1982. Many of the attacks are believed to have been launched by Palestine Liberation Organization guerrillas who slipped into Israeli areas from bases in the Syrian-controlled part of Lebanon or from hiding places in West Beirut. But a variety of Lebanese groups are also sniping at the Israelis. The Lebanese National Resistance Front, an underground organization composed of leftists sympathetic to the P.L.O., claimed responsibility last week for the Chouf ambush. In the far south, near the Israeli border, pro-Iranian Shi'ite militiamen have carried out repeated attacks against Israeli forces.

Israeli troops inspect a car at a checkpoint in southern Lebanon

A great deal of information but very little understanding.

In one of the tightest security sweeps since the invasion, members of the Israeli Defense Forces responded with intensive postmidnight house-to-house searches in the southern Lebanese cities of Sidon, Tyre and Nabatiyeh. At least 100 people were arrested. Checkpoints along the coastal highway were the scene of huge traffic jams throughout the week as Israeli soldiers searched all vehicles. Even so, one bomb was set off near an Israeli outpost south of Sidon, wounding a soldier, and a rocket-propelled grenade was fired at an Israeli truck on the highway. Reflecting the jittery atmosphere, an Israeli colonel in Sidon pointed at an open window and barked at a visitor: "Either put on a bulletproof vest or stay away from that window!"

Taking a break on the tracks of a tank



Even before the recent spate of attacks, Israeli forces were under strict orders not to frequent local shops or cafés. Based in camps that are located outside the major cities and ringed by barbed wire, sand embankments and manned machine-gun positions, they are rarely seen on city streets. Not surprisingly, duty in Lebanon, which usually consists of a 35- to 45-day tour, is not popular, and some soldiers have refused to serve. They have been court-martialed and sentenced to jail for the equivalent of a tour of duty. When a group of reservists shared a plane with an Israeli delegation traveling to withdrawal negotiations, they made no secret of their views. Said one of the diplomats: "Not one soldier hesitated to tell us to 'sign a treaty and get us out.' "

Israel's hopes of making friends among the Lebanese, particularly in the south, seem never to have been translated into a coherent policy. Although many Lebanese initially welcomed the invasion as an antidote to the heavyhanded P.L.O. presence, the Israelis proved incapable of building a lasting relationship. They bypassed traditional village leaders and armed young men whom they tried to use as informants and enforcers. The exercise backfired. Charging that the Israelis were exacerbating divisions among the Lebanese, Sheik Mohammed Chamseddin, spiritual leader of the Shi'ite community, the largest sectarian group in the south, decreed collaboration with the Israelis a sacrilege. "The Israelis' approach to developing allies in Lebanon has been haphazard at best," notes a senior European diplomat in Beirut. Says a Lebanese government official: "The Israelis have a great deal of information about Lebanon but very little understanding."

The Israelis have also become embroiled in conflicts among Lebanon's many armed militias and religious groups. Troops stationed in the Chouf have found themselves caught in the middle between the warring Druze and Christian militias. Explains Colonel Sammi Muzafi, an Israeli officer in Sidon: "Whenever a foreign force has penetrated Lebanon, the fragile fabric of coexistence has been torn. This violates the internal balance that holds the country together." The one promising area for Israeli-Lebanese cooperation seems to be trade, which has been booming along at the rate of nearly $2 million a month since Begin unilaterally opened his country's border with Lebanon last November. Even so, the Lebanese would no doubt prefer to do business with Israel as a neighbor rather than as an occupying force. —***By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Halevy/Jerusalem and Roberto Suro/Beirut***

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In France, Quality *vs.* *Egalité*

A plan for university reform challenges an elitist system

Springtime in Paris this year has carried more than a whiff of the May days of 15 years ago. University students, occasionally joined by professors in ermine-trimmed robes, have taken to the streets; at times the air has been filled with hurtling rocks and police tear gas. At issue: the Socialist government's proposals to reform higher education. President François Mitterrand included the overhaul of French universities in his campaign platform two years ago. Now his Education Minister, Alain Savary, has introduced a plan to open up higher education to more students and alter the system to make it more democratic. But by sharpening the inherent conflict between quality and equality, the plan has touched off a two-week filibuster in the National Assembly, polarized the university community, and called into question some of the fundamental tenets of the country's educational system.

Many of the forces that have been blamed for a decline in American education have also been at work in France. After the protests of 1968, university reforms were enacted that moved toward providing equal opportunity to all young people. Within a few years, among other things, the government increased the number of universities from 22 to 65. While many talented but underprivileged students were able to attend a university for the first time, thousands of underprepared students were also swept through the halls of academe. French universities expanded rapidly: from 385,000 students in 1966 to 745,000 in 1974 to nearly 1 million today. In the late 1970s, as France's baby-boom generation was attending universities, more than 40% of the country's 1 million unemployed were in the 18-to-23 age group. Since then, the French economy has suffered many setbacks, including this year's devaluation of the franc. Today the same age group accounts for roughly half of the country's 2.1 million unemployed. Students who once might have used the university system as a steppingstone have found themselves in limbo.

At the same time, the 1968 reforms did little to change many traditional characteristics of the French education system. While the public schools are renowned for their ability to teach basic intellectual skills and transmit a distinctive culture, they are still criticized by progressives for their lack of breadth and creativity. A centralized bureaucracy continues to rule the schools, with fairly rigid curriculums and exams. Though French society as a whole prides itself on its democratization, the schools remain hierarchical and elitist. Separation of social classes remains strong and tends to be reinforced by the routing of students along various academic or vocational "tracks" throughout their school careers.

Pupils eagerly answer a teacher's question at a primary school in Paris

Without the right early orientation, a child ends up in a "garbage-can" class.

By all indications, the French system discriminates against the poor and provincial. In Paris, for instance, three times as many students are enrolled in higher education (as a percentage of the population) as in Limousin, a region in central France. Despite the 1968 reforms, France has maintained a two-tier system of higher education. There are some 300 *grandes écoles*, small and highly competitive institutions that accept only about 9% of all postsecondary students and whose graduates constitute the elite of French government and industry. (Tuition depends on scholastic merit and ability to pay.) Although business and professional classes make up only 7.7% of the French population, their offspring compose 41% of *grandes écoles* classes; the children of workers compose 8%. The 75 tuition-free regular universities, where the majority of advanced French students go, were once named for towns, but are now simply assigned numbers. Classes run as large as several hundred, and there is a 60% dropout rate. The diploma, or *deug (diplôme d'études universitaires générales)*, granted after two years, complains one graduate, "entitles you to sweep the street."

Under the 1968 reform, individual universities were allowed to set their own admissions policies, but Education Minister Savary's new proposals essentially would open the universities to anyone who wants to attend. A more general education would be provided during the first two years. Admission to the third year would be limited by a formula combining the university's ability to accommodate students and the projected number of jobs available for majors in a particular field. In some cases, third-year admissions would be decided by competitive exams. In addition, university governing councils would be diversified from the present composition of students and faculty to include "outsiders," like businessmen, thus giving community groups more influence.

The Savary proposals are perceived by many sectors of the university population as a threat. Professors are concerned that a more open university system would increase their work load and that outside members added to the governing councils would diminish their control over the universities. The privileged students of the more restrictive universities fear that their schools' standards would be diluted by the underprepared. Nor are the objections all conservative in outlook. Leftist students, including many from the working class, complain that admissions exams after two years would merely delay the rejection that now confronts them at the threshold of university education.

The highly selective pattern in French education begins in primary and secondary schools, although these institutions are not affected by the Savary proposals. At age six, all students enter *école primaire* and for the next five years follow a common curriculum: nine hours of French, six hours of math, five hours of physical education and seven hours divided among natural science, history, geography, art, manual arts and "moral and civic education."

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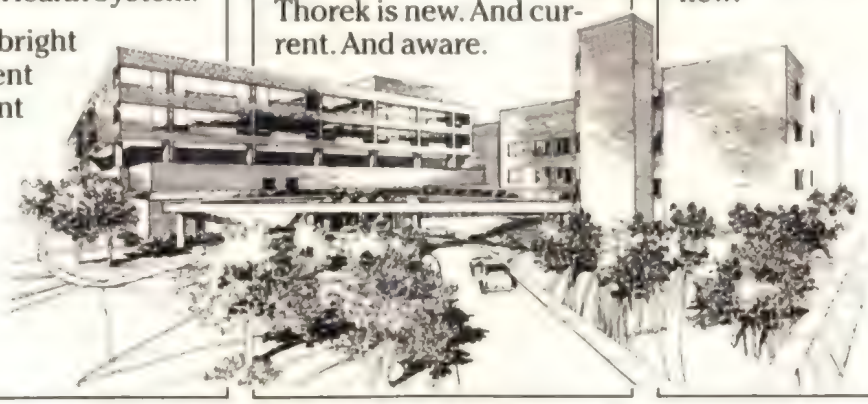

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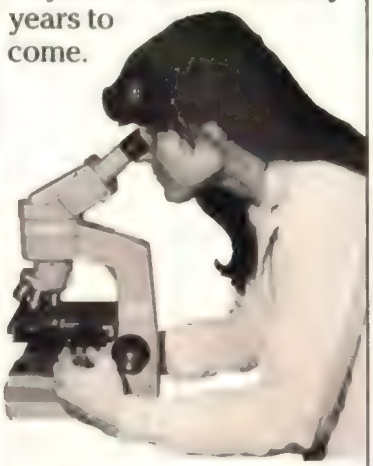

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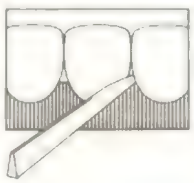

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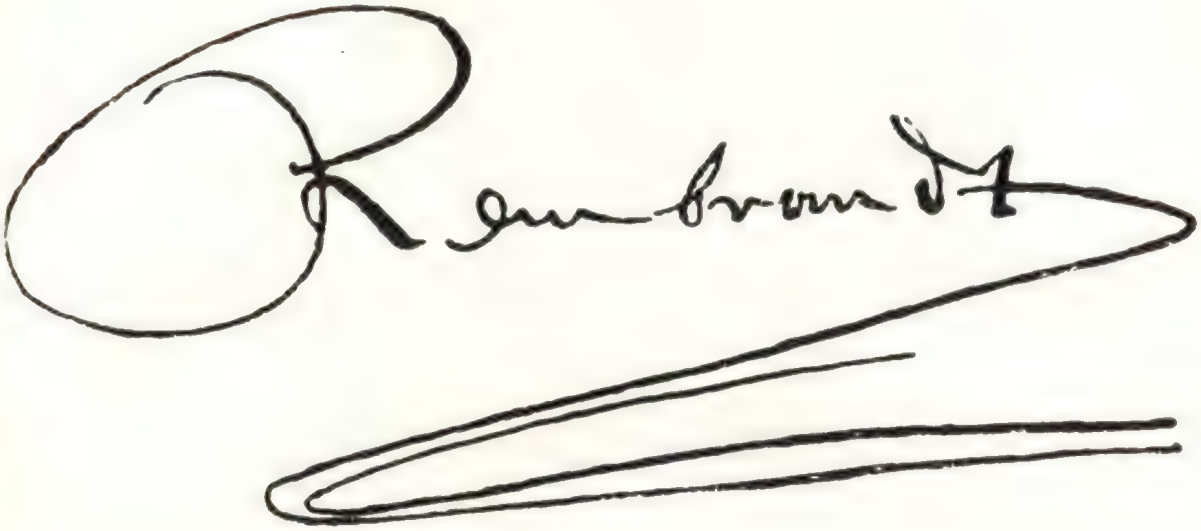

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Lycée students take the all-important baccalaureate exam in the town of Arcueil

know that in every school in the country, children would be studying a particular chapter of a particular book. Despite the instructions issued by the Ministry of Education, teaching varies widely from classroom to classroom throughout the country. Typical is the diversity within the Ecole Annexe de l'Ecole Normale des Instituteurs de Paris, a public primary school: children in one second-level class are made to sit up straight and arduously copy lessons from the blackboard; in another, they are allowed to mill around the classroom and speak more freely. But virtually all emerge with a solid foundation in the basics.

At age eleven, French children face a decisive phase of their education. They enter what is called *collège*, and are considered to be in an "observation" cycle for two years. At the end of this period, teachers sort them into those who will get vocational training and those who will go to a lycée for university preparation. Says Monique Bertin-Mourot, a press officer at the Ecole des Parents, an organization that deals with family and school problems: "Parents know that if the child doesn't get the right orientation early on, he'll end up in one of the *classes poubelles* [garbage-can classes] instead of getting to *hec* [short for Hautes Etudes Commerciales, a prestigious business school] or Ecole Polytechnique [a *grande école*]. It's highly unfair to ask a teen-ager to know what he wants to do with his life by the time he is 13, but that's exactly what the system does."

Even students who are accepted into lycées at the age of 16 must decide on one of several tracks. The "A" section, once the pride of French education with its curriculum of philosophy and literature, has lost out in popularity to more science-oriented programs. The "C" section for math and physical sciences has become the chief path for aspiring engineers and scientists and for those who want to enroll in the *hec*. Says one mother: "There's terrible pressure on the children to go into the scientific or economic divisions. Anyone who goes into the literary section is considered obviously substandard."

The three years of lycée are devoted to preparing for the baccalaureate exam, the nationwide test that determines at what level a student can enter the university. There is a *bac* given for each lycée track. The typical exam schedule involves ten hours of tests over a two-week period. All written exams are of the essay type (sample question: "Compare and contrast the roads to power of Hitler and Mussolini"), and most *bacs* culminate in an oral exam. To enter the *grandes écoles*, students must take another set of tests called *concours*, which generally demand an additional two years of preparation. The time is often well spent: if a student graduates from a *grande école*, he is virtually assured a good job and comfortable station in life.

The Savary reforms would diminish the importance of the *bac*, since high test scores would no longer be required for the first two years of university education. It was announced this spring that the results of next year's *bacs* would not include the traditional levels of distinction, such as "very good" or "good." To many French educators, watering down the *bac* is as outrageous as watering down a Château Mouton-Rothschild. Says Guy Bayet, president of the university professors' association: "The *bac* is the only way you can oblige students to follow a program and acquire basic knowledge. Now that it has been devalued or so-called broadened, all we need is no *bac* at all! If the *bac* is abolished, then there's nothing left."

Surprisingly, despite the influx of new students since 1968, the expansion of higher education in France has not kept pace with that in other industrial countries. In percentage of 18- to 23-year-olds attending universities, France has dropped from third to eighth place. Furthermore, France has not adjusted its education system to the country's economic needs. While analysts estimate that France should be training 40,000 engineers, there are only 14,000 students enrolled in engineering programs. The Savary reforms would attempt to correct such problems.

As the National Assembly debate has dragged on, Socialist sponsors of the proposals have conceded several points: the status of the *grandes écoles* will not be altered; fewer outsiders will be put on university governing councils; third-year admissions exams will be applied only to specialized training. If the Socialist bill is approved by the National Assembly this month, as is expected, some of the reforms could take effect early in the next school year. Meanwhile, the university students have disappeared from the streets, and their absence illustrates an enduring French reality. A headline in *Le Quotidien de Paris* explains: EXAMS COME FIRST. —***By Ellie McGrath. Reported by William Blaylock and Bill Hackman/Paris***

A statue of Cardinal Richelieu looks out over university students at the Sorbonne

Mexico Tightens Its Belt

Brutal austerity measures aim at shrinking an $86 billion mountain of debt

Mexico is a place where worlds come and go, sometimes sinking out of sight. In the 16th century, Cortés obliterated the Aztec culture in one of history's more thorough conquests. But 200 years before that, the Aztecs had built their own civilization near the ruins of an earlier, forgotten people. To this day, Mexicans are haunted by the ever present fear of still another apocalypse, and there is enough bad news in their economy at present to keep the specter alive.

Almost always, it seems, the Mexicans fall into success and then out of it before it does much toward eliminating the country's rampant poverty and underemployment. No sooner had Mexico begun to reap riches from vast new oil finds in the 1970s, for example, than the world's industrial economies became mired in recession, and unneeded oil was squirting out everywhere. Petroleum prices plummeted, deflating the hopes and dreams Mexico had fashioned for itself when it became the world's fourth largest oil producer.

During that bonanza, Mexico added $48 billion to its foreign debt, for a total at present of $85.5 billion, and only last summer it tottered on the brink of national bankruptcy. Now, however, the country appears to be making some headway toward dealing with the debt, which is expected to cost $10.5 billion in interest payments this year alone. The new government of President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, which was inaugurated in December, has begun an austerity program aimed at slashing Mexico's huge budget deficit, halting unnecessary government spending programs and slowing its virulent, 116% inflation. If the world economic recovery continues, Mexico may be able to step back from the brink. Says Finance Secretary Jesús Silva Herzog: "The pace of the U.S. recovery, interest rates and the oil market will decide our fate. All we need now is a little luck."

Loan-repayment targets for the first four months of the year have been met, and Silva Herzog says confidently, "Whatever happens, Mexico will live up to its financial commitments." Almost all new money the country gets is going to pay back old debts. Mexico should receive some $12.3 billion in emergency loans from the International Monetary Fund and other lenders this year. Boasts Silva Herzog of recent cash infusions: "Of the $3 billion from new loans since March, the entire $3 billion flowed right back out again to amortize some of our debts and pay interest on others."

Few economies have been jolted so hard, so rapidly as Mexico's. After four years of an oil-induced boom that saw the gross national product grow at an 8% average annual rate, Mexico's economy nosedived last year when the price of oil fell. This year the G.N.P. may decline by as much as 5%. During the first three months of the year, as the government's austerity program took hold, industrial production was off 11%. Mexico's auto industry, the country's largest non-oil enterprise, suffered a 50% drop in sales. Iron and steel production cooled by 11.5%. The output of radios and other appliances dropped 20%. Even beer consumption was off 20%. The number of jobs in the economy shrank by about 8%, adding perhaps as many as 1.6 million more people to the 10 million already out of work or underemployed in a work force of 30 million.

Discarded oil barrels litter the ground at a Pemex refinery

De la Madrid began the belt tightening by devaluing the peso immediately after taking office. At the same time, he adopted very strict measures to bring down inflation. The goal is an annual rate of 55% by year's end. Consumer interest rates were increased from 40% to 70% per year, gasoline prices were doubled, and a 15% value-added tax was slapped on all but the most essential goods.

The results of the austerity program show up everywhere. Mexico City's shops are bursting with goods, but there are few customers; bored clerks chat idle hours away. Auto showrooms are deserted, and understandably so: a Volkswagen Rabbit sells for 800,000 pesos, more than double the 360,000 of last summer. Ford, GM and Chrysler have stopped including fancy U.S.-made electronics in their Mexican-built cars to get around import restrictions.

On the streets, men in tattered clothing water shrubs, scrub public monuments, whitewash scaly tree trunks or sweep nearly empty stretches of roadway gutters. Business has slowed drastically even in places that cater to the rich. At

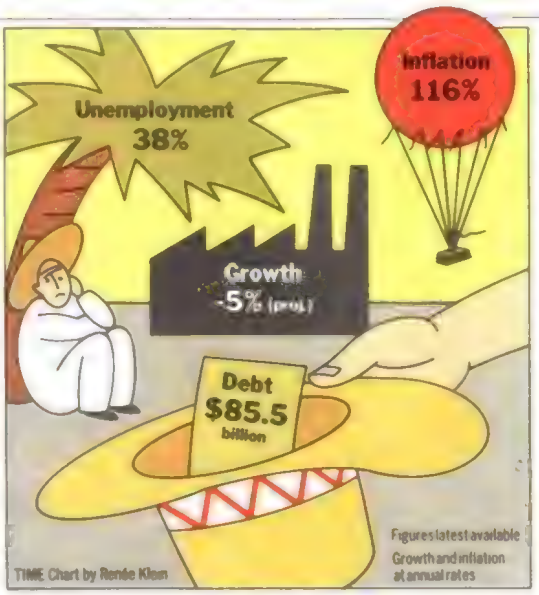
A rug peddler sells his wares to tourists on the beach at Puerto Vallarta

Says Finance Minister Silva Herzog: "All we need now is a little luck."

Las Mañanitas in Cuernavaca, a favorite weekend retreat for the capital's elite, stately white peacocks pick their way among sparsely occupied cane lawn chairs. A few months ago, Mexico's well-to-do had to wait an hour to get a table. Says Claudio Weiz, an Argentine businessman in Mexico City: "Mexicans are in a trauma. They have never suffered this kind of crisis."

Many of the businesses still open are deeply in debt. Sales of Rodacarga Co., a maker of materials-handling equipment, shrank from $20 million to less than $5 million as the peso became worth less and less and the austerity program began taking hold. A loan the company has from Philadelphia's Girard Bank now exceeds its entire peso capital. The firm's order backlog, usually nine months, has dropped to four. Company President Carlos Lopez has been forced to close down two of his company's three plants and lay off 362 of his 509 workers.

The squeeze may serve as a warning for countries who once sought quick riches from their natural resources only to find themselves stymied when commodity prices fell. Counting on a permanent high price for oil, Mexico had borrowed heavily from banks in the U.S. and elsewhere to finance drilling, steel production, roads, hospitals and increased automobile manufacturing. Bankers in New York, Tokyo and London dispensed the money after only cursory precautions because the loans were paying lucratively high interest rates of as much as 17%. Moreover, it all seemed so safe. Mexico's oil exports were rising from a paltry 200,000 bbls. daily in 1977 to 1.5 million bbls. in 1982. Last year, in fact, the country surpassed Saudi Arabia as the largest supplier of foreign oil to the U.S.



Then, almost as suddenly as it began, the Mexican "economic miracle" ended. In August, Finance Secretary Silva Herzog announced at a gathering of bankers in New York that Mexico would not be able to make scheduled payments, due over the following 90 days, of more than $3 billion. Weak oil prices had robbed the country of anticipated revenues and left it almost penniless. Says Jorge Chapa, co-owner of a large Mexican supermarket chain: "We were rich at $16 per bbl. of oil, and at $32 we were broke because we spent as if the price were already $36."

Washington, mindful of the $7.2 billion invested by American companies in Mexican enterprise and fearful of economic and political instability on its border, moved in with nearly $3 billion in emergency funds, including $1 billion in advance payments for strategic reserve oil purchases from Mexico, $1 billion in short-term funds to tide the country over, and another $1 billion in credits for such commodities as corn and beans. The International Monetary Fund gave promise of support but in return demanded the austerity program that De la Madrid has put in place.

Despite all the troubles, a few signs are beginning to indicate that the economy may be starting to pick up. At the Bolsa, the Mexican stock exchange, the mood is improving. Analysts there lightly chide each other for being perhaps a little too apocalyptic. "Not all is lost," said one observer, "because of weak demand, lack of investments and sales." Mexican companies, he feels, will just have to learn to live without profits for a while. The Bolsa's stock index, which anticipated the crisis last year and sank to 450 points in August after hitting a high of 1450 two years ago, recently rebounded and closed last week at 1087.

Brazil Flirts with Default

Like Mexico, Brazil has been wobbling beneath a crushing load of foreign debt. But unlike Mexico, Brazil is increasingly unable to repay its loans, which total some $84 billion. The threat of a Brazilian default on that debt is sending jitters through world financial markets. Last week Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker called together the top executives of New York City's six largest banks, which have loaned Brazil at least $12.7 billion, to review the deteriorating situation. The moneymen at the meeting agreed that the South American country will probably need loans worth at least an additional $2.5 billion to make it through 1983. Said one banker after the three-hour session: "Brazil's financial problems are reaching the point of crisis."

Brazil's woes worsened markedly last month when the International Monetary Fund delayed an installment of a $5.8 billion rescue package that had been arranged in February. The IMF held up the $411 million payment because Brazil has failed to slow its inflation rate, which has been galloping at an annual pace of about 180%, and has neglected to take other belt-tightening steps. The agency's move led private banks to suspend payment on $633 million in new credits that had been tied to the IMF agreement.

The loan suspensions come at a time when Brazil is already starved for cash. The country has fallen nearly $1 billion in arrears on scheduled payments to banks, airlines, oil companies and other foreign firms. Meanwhile, international bankers, worried about the safety of their money, have been pulling deposits out of Brazilian banks at a rate of about $300 million a month.

The IMF demands put Brazilian leaders in the worst of all situations. Government officials last week met repeatedly to prepare a plan of sharp cutbacks in public spending. The program is due to be presented to an IMF delegation this month. But while such moves may be needed to ensure continued IMF funding, they could also aggravate tensions in a nation that is currently suffering from two years of economic stagnation. In April jobless workers rioted for three days in the country's largest city, São Paulo (pop. 11 million).

Now some business and government leaders are calling for Brazil to renegotiate its loan agreement with the IMF instead of trying to comply with the agency's tough austerity guidelines. "Our social problems are such that we cannot play with recession," insists Hélio Beltrão, Minister for Social Security.

Washington, which had encouraged the development of the original IMF package, has been taking a wait-and-see attitude toward the latest crisis. "Everybody believes that Brazil and the IMF can, and will, come to an agreement," said one Administration official. "So everybody is disposed to wait and give them bargaining time." Indeed, even some unexpected parties are telling Brazil to honor its debts. At a recent Latin American conference, a Cuban delegate chided a Brazilian who said his country should walk away from its loans. "Comrade," said Castro's man, "you shouldn't do that."

Nonetheless, many stocks still sell for only two or three times earnings, *vs.* an average of almost 13 for American companies on the Standard & Poor's 500.

Here and there around Mexico, other signs of an economic upturn can be seen. The clampdown on foreign goods, for example, has worked. Imports are down 70%, running at $4 billion below targets. That has helped create a balance of payments surplus of $3.4 billion *vs.* a $708 million deficit for the same period last year.

More money is pouring into the country too. Two weeks ago, Xerox officials announced they would be spending $100 million to $150 million on a new manufacturing plant for small copiers, which will be exported to the U.S. Sheraton will build five more hotels to take advantage of the new tourist boom. Americans are now rushing to Mexico to bask in the sun and pick up bargains with their strong dollars. A Japanese consortium is ready to start work on a new 700-room hotel in Mexico City.

Yet even as Mexico tries to hold the line against disaster, its biggest problems remain largely unsolved. Two-thirds of the country's 76 million people live as rock-poor *campesinos* on subsistence farms in some of the worst rural and urban slums anywhere in the world. Undernourishment is widespread. Four of ten Mexicans never drink milk; two of ten never eat meat, eggs or bread. They live mainly on tortillas and refried beans. Some government solutions seem almost pitiful. Coca-Cola and other soft drinks are subsidized to sell for a pittance of 6¢ because their sugar content is considered nutritious.

Nothing seems to go far toward breaking the old Mexican pattern of maldistribution of wealth or bridging the vast chasm between rich and poor. Meanwhile the population keeps growing at a rate of 2 million annually. That increases pressure on authorities to deliver more jobs and social services. It also increases U.S. worries about a tide of illegal aliens.

Right now, one of the few things relieving some of the pressure on the Mexican government seems to be a widespread attitude of *ni modo*, a fatalist mood of "nothing can be done about it." Even labor unions are not optimistic about getting big wage increases. They had been asking for a 50% hike but probably will get only 20% at best, even though inflation has chopped the buying power of the average worker by 60%. Working union members seem happy enough just to have jobs. Two weeks ago, attempts to get a general strike off the ground fizzled. While bankers and economists feverishly work to pay interest on the country's huge debt, politicians and businessmen nervously hope that the present political calm will last. —***By John S. DeMott. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/Mexico City***

Zapped

Losses and layoffs at Atari

Toy store owners and other retailers queue up at the Consumer Electronics Show every June to place orders for the Christmas selling season. When participants gather this week in Chicago for the annual bazaar, however, the hot topic of conversation will not be whether Zaxxon or Keystone Kapers will unseat Centipede as the industry's bestselling video game. It will be: What's going on at Atari?

The company that pioneered video games and a year ago still had 80% of that exploding market is getting zapped. Last month another 225 workers were laid off, to add to the 1,700 furloughed earlier this year when some production was moved to overseas plants. Because of Atari's woes, its parent company, Warner Communications, lost $18.9 million during the first three months of 1983, and Warner Chairman Steven Ross, 55, says an even bigger loss is coming in the second quarter. The company's stock, which climbed to 63 last year, is now hovering around 30.

Last week Ross pushed through a full-scale management shake-up at Atari. Previously separate home-computer and video-game divisions were combined, and three new groups were formed to handle marketing and distribution, product development and manufacturing. Said one former Atari insider: "I'd say it is a desperation move." Atari Chairman Raymond Kassar, 55, survived, but it is unclear how much authority he will have.

Atari has been a victim of rough competition. The robust growth of the video-game industry has drawn so many new entrants that profits are increasingly hard to come by. More than 20 companies are now producing cartridges that play on Atari machines. While about 350 new game titles were released in all of 1982, dealers were inundated with 317 new ones in January of this year alone. Moreover, price cutting is rampant.

At the same time, Atari has not kept up with the fast-paced video-game market. Said one industry watcher: "A game company has to keep ahead technologically—invent and reinvent. If you don't have both the marketing and technical savvy, you're going to get killed." That is indeed what happened, when other video-game manufacturers came out with products that had superior graphics.

Atari, of course, is not the only video-game company having troubles. Mattel's electronics division, whose Intellivision was the second bestselling game last year, lost $28.2 million in the three months ending Jan. 29, and expects to lose about the same amount during the next quarter. The company blames the red ink on heavy advertising expenses, price cutting and slower sales.

At arcades, where new games are tested and potential hits find their audience, revenues have been falling. According to the Yankee Group, a Boston market research firm, the average video-game machine pulled in $140 per week in 1981, but only $109 per week last year.

The home video-game market continues to grow sensationally. Goldman Sachs estimates that 1983 sales could reach $6.5 billion, 58% more than a year ago. But that is not helping video-game makers all that much. Many consumers are buying inexpensive computers capable of playing video games in addition to performing simple computer tasks. As a result several game manufacturers are rushing out keyboard attachments that convert game machines into rudimentary computers. The price of Coleco stock, last year's hottest video-game newcomer, shot up ten points to 51 last week on word that it would soon announce a remarkable new system that combines several popular computer features with game attachments. Called Adam, it will be priced under $600, much less than anything comparable on the market.

At this week's Consumer Electronics Show, Atari will demonstrate new products that it hopes will bring back some old market magic. It will introduce four new home computers, ranging in price from $150 to $500, to replace outmoded models. The company will also show a new, voice-activated product. This allows someone playing video baseball, for example, to tell the hitter when to swing at a pitch. Available in October, the Voice Controller is expected to sell for under $100. Atari hopes this will be the monster hit it needs to get back into the game. ■

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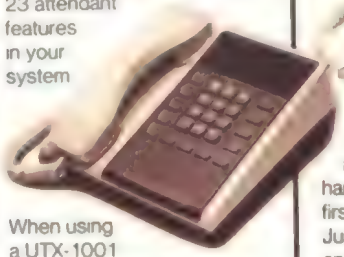

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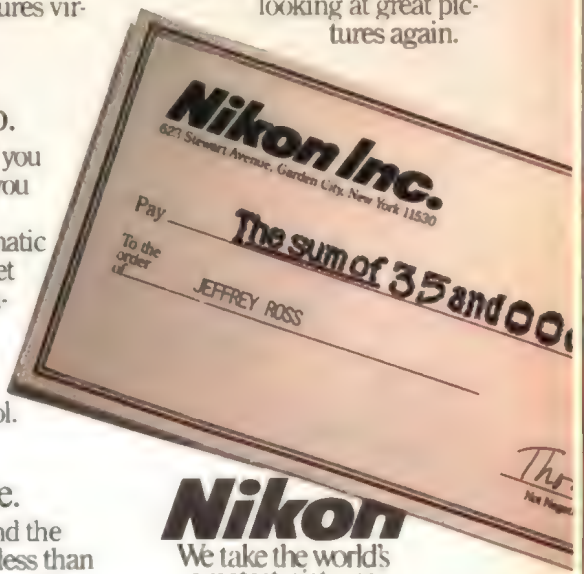

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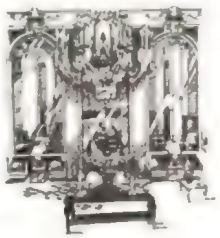

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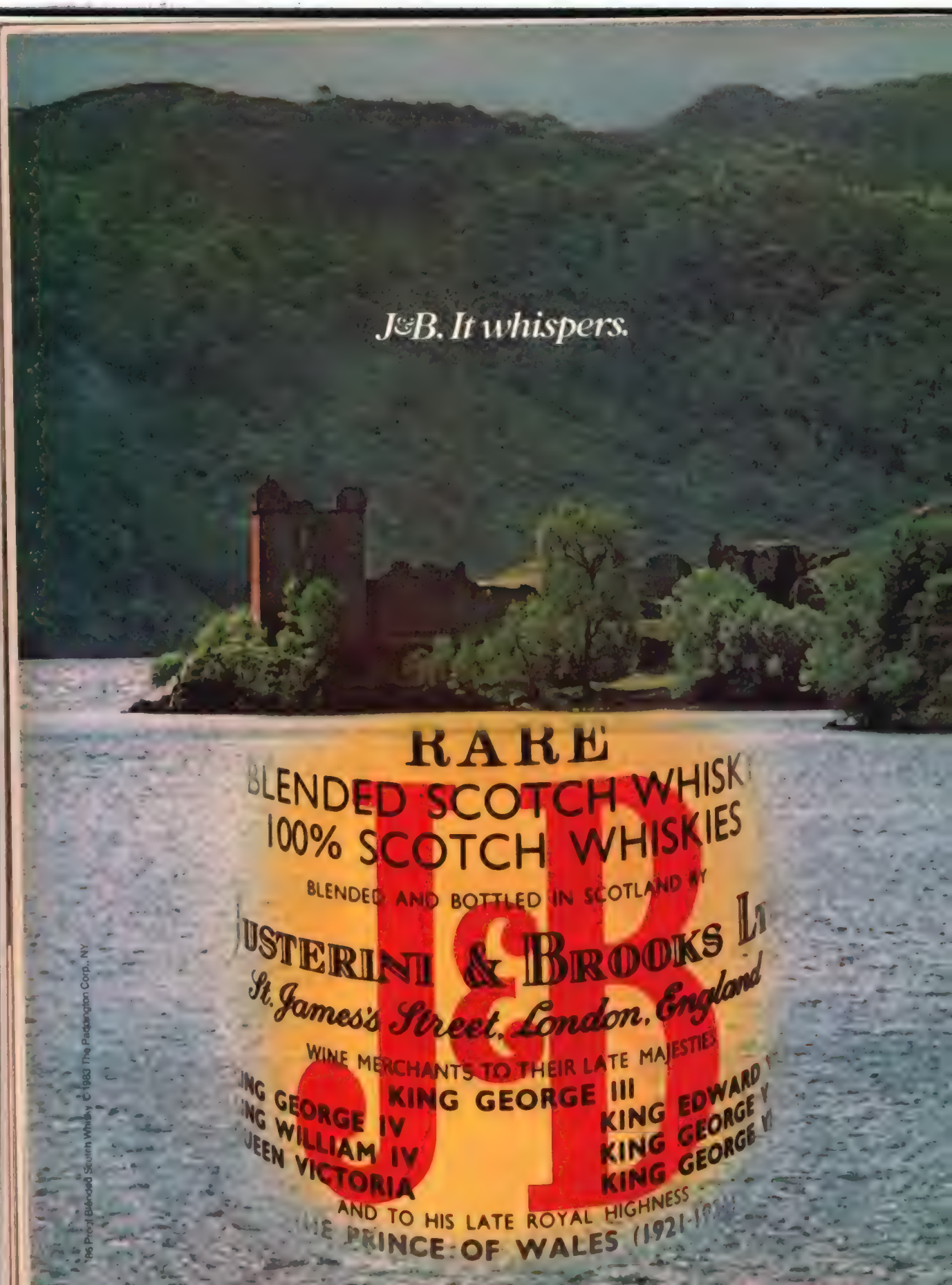
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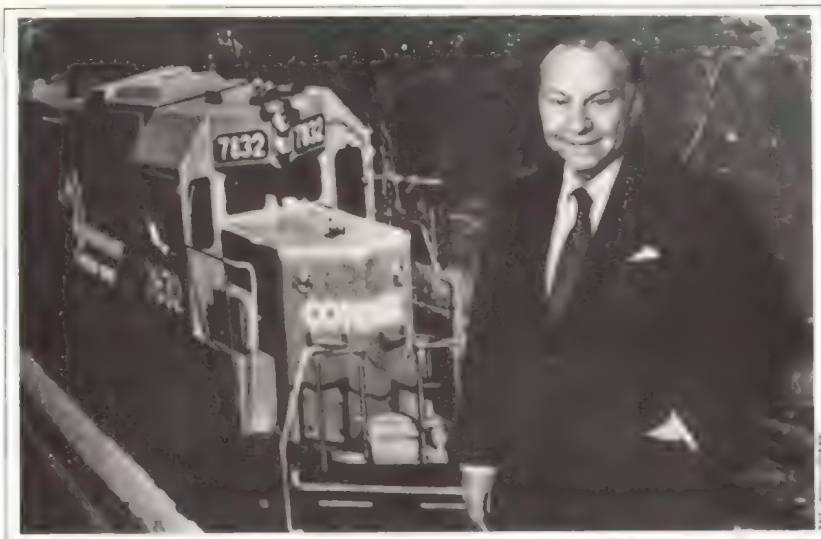

Chairman L. Stanley Crane standing in front of a mural at the railroad's Philadelphia offices

Conrail for Sale

Washington is seeking a buyer

When the Federal Government combined the bankrupt Penn Central railroad with five other failed lines to form the Consolidated Rail Corp. or Conrail in 1976, some experts predicted that the new enterprise would be a financial sinkhole. Sure enough, over the next six years Conrail cost the Government about $7 billion. But against heavy odds, Conrail has become profitable. It earned $39.2 million in 1981 and $174.2 million in 1982 on revenues of $3.6 billion. Last week the U.S. Railway Association, a Government agency that oversees Conrail's operations, reported to Congress that the rescue operation has been a success. Says Conrail Chairman L. Stanley Crane: "I can't brag like Iacocca, but the Government is going to get some of its money back."

Last week's stamp of approval makes it even more likely that Conrail can be removed from public stewardship and sold to a private owner. The Government is trying hard to do just that. The investment banking firm of Goldman, Sachs & Co. has been hired to find a buyer. During her speaking appearances, Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole frequently asks audiences: "If you know of anyone who wants to buy a railroad, please let me know." Now that Conrail is running steadily in the black, the Government will insist that the railroad be sold intact and not piece by piece. Thus service will be continued along the 15,000 miles of route that Conrail now operates in 15 states.

The new, improved Conrail bears little relation to the moribund operation that the Government took over. The old line was burdened by excess tracks, rickety roadbeds, union featherbedding and weak management. Shippers used to exchange stories about lost cargoes and goods damaged by frequent derailments.

Slowly, however, a transformation has taken place. The Government spent nearly $3 billion to computerize rail yards, upgrade facilities and repair creaky tracks. With the passage of the Northeast Rail Service Act in August 1981, Conrail was permitted to halt traffic on 2,600 miles of uneconomical track, about 15% of its total route network. Some 22,000 freight-service employees, including 5,000 who had job or severance guarantees, were cut from the payroll at a cost of more than $130 million. Last January, Conrail handed its unprofitable commuter service in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania over to local and state-run transportation agencies. (Amtrak, the other Government-owned railroad, continues as a long-distance passenger carrier.) In all, Conrail has slashed its work force from about 100,000 in 1976 to just under 40,000.

While it was getting leaner, Conrail was also getting stronger. With deregulation, it has been able to cut prices and grab business from other carriers. Last year, for example, it hauled 875 carloads of water-purification chemicals that used to travel by truck from a Du Pont plant in Delaware. Conrail also snagged a fuel-hauling contract from Lake Ontario barge operators and moved 6,583 carloads of fuel oil for the Niagara Mohawk Power Corp.

Much of the credit for Conrail's resurgence goes to Chairman Crane, 67, who took over the line in 1981 after spending nearly his entire career at the Southern Railway, the last three years as president. A short, wiry expert in operations, Crane charged up employees with a sense of purpose and firmly established company goals.

Thanks to Conrail's impressive recovery, it is expected to show a profit of about $1 billion over the next five years. One interested buyer is a group of the railroad's employees, who say they plan to make a bid by June 14. But whatever price the Government gets for Conrail, it will not match the $7 billion investment. ■

Box Rebellion

Replacing bottles and cans

If Dustin Hoffman were filming a remake of *The Graduate*, the well-meaning family friend who pulled him aside to utter one word worth a million dollars would not say "Plastics." Today he would whisper "Aseptics." That is the name for a kind of packaging technique, a sort of second cousin to the retort pouch used by campers. Aseptics may change American packaging in the '80s the way plastics replaced many paper and cellophane wrappings in the '60s. In brown bags and school lunch boxes across the U.S., little boxes of fruit juice and other drinks are becoming as commonplace as potato chips and soggy sandwiches. Says Dick Ponte, a vice president of Stop & Shop, a supermarket chain: "We're having trouble keeping them on the shelves."

Constructed primarily of several thin layers of polyethylene, foil and paper, the containers can keep milk and other liquids fresh for several months without refrigeration. Reason: the airtight packaging seals in its sterilized contents. That has been a crucial marketing aid in countries where transportation and refrigeration are limited.

More than 25 billion aseptically packaged liquid units were sold worldwide last year. While these packages have long been popular in Europe and Asia, however, they were slow to catch on in the U.S. One California company tried marketing milk and juice in similar containers in the U.S. during the '60s, but consumers did not like them because they were too hard to open. But by 1981, when the U.S. Food and Drug Administration cleared an im-

Enjoying juice from one of the new containers

Children get a big bang out of the empties.

proved aseptics packaging method for commercial use, a container with a straw attached, which made opening and drinking easier, had been developed.

Then the rush was on. American companies will turn out an estimated 750 million aseptic packages this year. By 1987, U.S. firms expect to ship about 4 billion annually. Says David Dumbleton, a marketing consultant who has produced a new study on the containers: "This is the most important new food packaging development to hit the market in 25 years."

Consumers like the convenience of aseptics. Working mothers can easily stock up on milk and juices without worrying about spoilage. Tossed in the freezer the night before, the packages are still cold when they are pulled out at school for lunch. Children like the space-age packaging, the built-in straws and, most of all, the ear-splitting noise the empty boxes make when stomped. Says Ralph Graves, vice president of California's Real Fresh: "After the container's empty, kids blow it up and jump on it. It goes off like a 108-mm howitzer."

Manufacturers like the lower production costs. Ocean Spray, the Massachusetts cooperative that produces cranberry and other juices, estimates that its aseptically packaged products cost customers about 10% less than those in cans. Unlike liquids packed in bottles and cans, which must be pasteurized in the container for up to 45 minutes, the contents of aseptic packages are sterilized separately, in under one minute. This not only saves energy costs but also helps preserve flavors. In addition, food distributors do not need to use refrigerated trucks and warehouses to protect milk or juices.

Milk producers are hoping that aseptics can help them regain some of the market share they have been steadily losing to other beverages. Dairymen, Inc., an 8,000-member cooperative based in Louisville, is now selling whole and low-fat milk in the new packs, as well as such flavored varieties as chocolate, strawberry, banana and fruit-punch milk. It is also exporting milk in aseptic packages to Nigeria and the Caribbean. Says Larry Johnson, Dairymen's vice president of marketing development: "It's opening up new markets."

The biggest drawback to the new packaging is that it is not strong enough to be used for carbonated beverages because the pressure of carbonic gas would make the containers burst. Nonetheless, the popular new packs have helped spur renewed growth in U.S. consumption of fruit drinks, now rising by 3% to 5% per year.

In the future, Americans are likely to find all sorts of things coming in aseptic packages. The Japanese drink sake out of aseptic containers, and Frenchmen quaff *vin ordinaire* from them. Without straws, *naturellement*. ■

Office Etiquette

Guides to corporate conduct

Young employees wearing Walkmans in the office corridors. Colleagues asking your age, salary or even sexual preference. Drugs at the company picnic. What ever happened to manners in the executive suite? How does a person handle the new situations? Amid the social and economic tumult of the past 20 years, some of the signposts of business civility have been twisted around and others uprooted entirely. It is not surprising that many business people are impolite or confused, or both.

But help is on the way. Authors George Mazzei, 42, and Letitia Baldrige, 56, are stepping into the breach of good taste with two books that offer advice on everything from how to make a strategic retreat after a sexual advance to how to handle hard rock and soft drugs at the office Christmas party.

Baldrige, a syndicated columnist ("Mind Your Manners") who brought efficiency and a touch of white-gloved feminism to her 1978 revision of *The Amy Vanderbilt Complete Book of Etiquette*, is preparing a new office primer that will be published next year. Starting late this summer, her New York City public relations firm will be conducting seminars in politesse for corporate executives. Says she: "Some of the worst-mannered people are in the high economic class. It really has nothing to do with money."

Mazzei, a former managing editor of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, concurs: "Many people under 35 do not know how to behave in the business world." His answer to that problem is *The New Office Etiquette* (Poseidon Press; $13.95), which has been selling briskly since publication last month.

Though the authors agree on most points, their approaches differ. Baldrige brings a certain high-toned flair to such workaday frustrations as what to do when a business associate, after having invited you to lunch, fails to appear. The first rule: go to the table, but do not eat or drink anything while waiting. "It looks sloppy," she says. After 20 minutes of staring at the bread sticks and playing with the matches, the executive should tip the waiter $5 or $10 and leave. Later the executive can mention the expenditure to the errant host's secretary.

Baldrige also offers other bits of practical upper-management-level advice. Examples: even though there are telephone jacks at the tables of "21" in Manhattan, a polite person does not use one to make phone calls in the middle of a meal with others. A young executive can use the boss's first name on the tennis court, but not back at the office.

While Baldrige seems more comfortable giving advice on such matters as what sort of personal stationery to order (use good graphics or a logo) and how to outfit the corporate jet (carry the latest quarterly report), Mazzei's approach is blunter and, at times, more realistic. His advice ranges from how a woman executive should deal with the office boy's crush ("Don't crush it") to how to handle people when taking over a new department ("Make no promises").

Both social arbiters offer guidance that would never have been needed in an earlier era. It is perfectly all right, Mazzei assures readers, to refuse a gift of cocaine or some other illicit drug from a business associate—but be polite. Baldrige adds that, to avoid making the person uncomfortable, the corporate class act would be to hint that you use drugs—but not this one. The two also agree that anyone who plays the radio while working should get a Walkman if a co-worker objects to the noise.

Between women's lib and gay lib, the sexual twists at the modern office can get grotesque. Mazzei devotes a chapter to "Women at Work" and another to "When Cupid Gets Stupid." Among his guidelines: do not compliment women for wearing appropriate business dress; be sure to tell your employer if you are bringing a gay lover to a formal company occasion. Mazzei offers a couple of pages of suggestions on the issue of a kiss on the cheek, warning that it can often end up with "a clash of eyeglass frames and a lot of confusion." When conducting an office affair, Mazzei recommends discretion and closed doors. He suggests that anyone who walks in on two co-workers should beat a hasty retreat and pretend that he saw nothing. Mazzei warns that sex on business trips is particularly hazardous. "Some nighttime behavior at conventions can take on the look of a cheap bedroom farce." But if someone cannot restrain himself or herself, Mazzei advises bringing along a companion. Or, barring that, perhaps a good book. ■

Illustrations for TIME by Michael C. Witte

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HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Ex-hostages and their lawyer after announcing planned lawsuits

Delving into Deep Pockets

Victims are going after richer third parties for damages

Wearing combat fatigues and toting a .22-cal. rifle, Robert Wickes, 24, stormed into a junior high school social-studies class in Brentwood, N.Y., one day last month and took 22 pupils hostage. By the time the subsequent confrontation ended nine hours later, Wickes, a recently fired substitute monitor, had critically wounded one student, nicked the school principal in the face and shot himself dead. Within a week, the Brentwood school district was under siege once again, this time by lawyers announcing they would file suits on behalf of some of the children held hostage. So far, the parents of five students are readying claims seeking $8.5 million in damages. Says Lawyer Frank Puglisi: "We're charging carelessness and negligence on the part of the school district in imposing this deranged teacher's aide upon students at the school."

The aftermath of the Brentwood tragedy follows a well-established and increasingly worrisome pattern in civil law: lawsuits aimed at wealthy or well-insured third parties rather than the people directly responsible for harmful acts. Says Professor Gary Schwartz of U.C.L.A.'s law school: "Robbers and muggers do not have liability insurance, and they do not have assets. The job of the lawyer is not simply to find the negligent party but the negligent solvent party." Russell Moran, editor of the New York *Jury Verdict Reporter*, puts it more bluntly: "A good lawyer will try to find anyone in gunshot range who has the ability to pay."

Delving into deep pockets traces back to common-law principles. But such third-party suits have recently proliferated in the U.S., partly because some new laws have encouraged them. For example, so-called dram-shop statutes, which have become widespread in the past two decades, hold bar owners responsible in many cases for the actions of an intoxicated patron after he has left the premises. At the same time, liberalizing court decisions have made more and more institutions open to lawsuits for the conduct of others. Among the favorite targets: apartment- and office-building landlords, hotels, hospitals, schools, manufacturers and municipal transit systems.

The propensity to bring such suits has been spurred by news of large victories. The most famous case involved Singer Connie Francis, who was raped at a Howard Johnson's motel on Long Island, N.Y., in 1974. She charged that the motel-room lock was faulty; a jury awarded her $2.5 million in damages. Some recent decisions also involve whopping sums, and somewhat unlikely defendants. In California, a drunken driver plowed into the rear end of a station wagon parked on the shoulder of a freeway; the wagon had been left without lights by a police officer who was arresting its driver. The passengers riding with the drunk sued him and also the state, which had to ante up $2 million in damages. In 1978 a student from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology threw acid in the face of his former girlfriend at her New York City residence. She sued the building owner and its security firm as well as her assailant's school, charging that M.I.T. psychiatrists who had been counseling the youth should have warned her of the danger. The jury's verdict: a total of $10.3 million in damages from all three sources.

The size of an award is influenced by many factors—for one, the jury's perception of who will be paying. In suits brought against subway or bus authorities by crime victims, says Chicago Attorney Philip Corboy, "jurors recognize that it's their own tax dollars that pay for the award." And a juror's financial status may matter. Says New York's Moran: "The banker in Westchester won't give you a nickel, while Bronx jurors will give you the courthouse."

When critics complain that such precedent-busting verdicts make little sense, plaintiffs' attorneys like Charles Kavalaris of San Jose, Calif., reply: "The innocent victim of an accident should have somewhere to go if he can prove liability. If you look at it through the eyes of a quadriplegic, it's a fairly simple question to answer." Defendants' lawyers, on the other hand, fume. Attorney Stephen Newton of Mountain View, Calif., recently settled a claim by a victim who was paralyzed for life in an auto accident. Newton, representing a trucking company whose driver was essentially a bystander to the collision, did not believe his client was to blame but did not want to risk a jury verdict. Says he: "It's a form of economic oppression."

Liability laws are a hodgepodge across the nation. Generally, however, if a number of defendants contributed to the plaintiff's injury, he can seek full recovery from one or more of them. In a few states, a case can be thrown out if a plaintiff's carelessness contributed even slightly to the injury. Most states reduce the amount of the judgment in proportion to the plaintiff's negligence. But the long-term trend toward making it easier for plaintiffs to sue has not yet turned around. A bill to limit liability was voted down by a committee of the California legislature two weeks ago.

Potential third-party defendants are frustrated. "They can't even protect the President of the U.S. with all his Secret Service guards," says Atlanta Litigator Oscar Persons. "How do they expect the owner of a hotel to protect each and every one of his guests?" Prison authorities, for example, could soon face such a legal quagmire as a result of acquired immune-deficiency syndrome, the mysterious disease prevalent among homosexuals and heroin addicts. May a government be sued if a prisoner contracts AIDS while in custody? What actions might a court later decide should have been taken to protect inmates, many of whom are drug abusers or engage in homosexual activity?

The motto for potential defendants today is "Be prepared." Some corporations are setting up million-dollar escrow funds to pay damage claims. Others are increasing their insurance coverage. One worried potential defendant upped its coverage last year from $5 million to $25.5 million. The prudent possessor of the deeper pocket: the Brentwood, N.Y., school district. —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Geoffrey Quinn/New York and Dianna Waggoner/San Francisco*

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Sexology on the Defensive

New questions about the research of the pioneers

It might have been a scene from a TV courtroom drama. At the Sixth World Congress of Sexology in Washington, pioneering Sex Therapists William Masters and Virginia Johnson called a press conference to defend themselves against charges that their sex research is cryptic, slipshod and so vaguely defined that other experts cannot tell how many patients have actually been cured of their sexual woes. Have the two ever revealed their criteria for successful sex therapy? asked a reporter. "Innumerable times," answered an exasperated Masters. Did he ever reveal—*sotto voce* in a San Francisco bar—that a woman who has one orgasm in five years is cured of anorgasm? "I never said it," he snapped.

The press conference followed the second attack in three years on Masters and Johnson by Psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld. In a 1980 article in *Psychology Today*, Zilbergeld and Psychologist Michael Evans charged that the phenomenal success rate claimed by sexology's first family is bogus. In the June issue of the sex magazine *Forum*, Zilbergeld repeats his critique. He also claims that Masters met him in a San Francisco bar and disclosed his lax standard for successfully treating lack of orgasm in females: one orgasm during the two-week intensive therapy treatment at the Masters & Johnson Institute in St. Louis and one more orgasm at any time during the next five years. To record such minimal performance as a success flabbergasted Zilbergeld: "I was so floored that I didn't say anything more."

Questions about the credibility of Masters and Johnson's impressive clinical cures have led some sexologists to view their once hallowed work with increasing skepticism. "The foundations of sex therapy, as designed by Masters and Johnson, are shaken," says *Forum* Editor Philip Nobile. "The field can no longer look with certainty at the bible. The whole thrust of human sexual inadequacy is in question."

That bible is, of course, Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. Published in 1970, the book revolutionized the fledgling discipline of sexual therapy with its unprecedented clinical prescriptions for treating frigidity, impotence and premature ejaculation. Faultfinders contend that both *Human Sexual Inadequacy* and a subsequent Masters and Johnson study of homosexuality are marred by vague language and fail to provide basic criteria and measures to assess the actual number of patient failures and relapses. In cases of low sexual desire, for example, M & J report a "nonfailure" rate of 80% without explaining precisely what that means. By contrast, other sexual therapists report a success rate of less than 50% for the disorder.

Why did it take a decade for experts to find fault with the M & J data? Says Psychiatrist Raul Schiavi, director of the Mount Sinai Hospital Human Sexuality Program in New York City: "Masters was the prototypical godlike figure that people hesitated to challenge. And people were so taken by the initial optimism about sex therapy that they did not actually look at the long-term outcome data as carefully as they should have." M & J's defenders stress the debt that all sex therapists owe to their early efforts. "A midget can see farther than a giant if he's standing on the shoulders of a giant," insists Wardell Pomeroy, academic dean at the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. "Masters and Johnson are giants in their field."

Some sexologists fear that the current debate over the Masters and Johnson research will be used by "enemies" to discredit the whole arena of sexual inquiry. "The public wants to find us bad, and that includes some of the media," says Mary Calderone, a noted expert on family planning and sex education. "There is a tendency to snigger. They report that we go around telling each other about our sex lives. We don't do that. None of us are voyeurs. This is a serious business. We've been serious about it for years." Lewis Durham, executive director of the Association of Sexologists in San Francisco, is more worried about his colleagues: "We think sexology is a science, but it remains a debatable issue. Psychologists might look down on sexology and say they can handle sexual problems. And there's also the factor of professional jealousy."

More damaging, perhaps, has been sexology's seeming inability to shake its association with what is widely perceived as pornography. Editor Nobile's interview with Zilbergeld in *Forum*, which is published by Penthouse, appears along with sexual-aid ads and letters from readers describing their steamy sex fantasies. Another article in the issue argues that the relationship between Batman and Robin is probably homosexual. Nobile considers Masters' claim that *Forum* is an inappropriate place to debate Zilbergeld's charges to be "the last refuge of a scoundrel. Dr. Masters' work has appeared in *Forum* as recently as last December, and he offered through his spokesman to be interviewed by *Forum* for $3,000, and I didn't take him up on it." Johnson last week flatly denied that either she or Masters sought payment for an interview.

If Masters refused to answer his critics in *Forum*, he was much more forthcoming at the congress. At a panel meeting an hour before the press conference, Masters and Johnson released a printed version, perhaps the first, of criteria for their studies. Among the standards for successful treatment: three erections in every four attempts in cases of impotence; two orgasms in every four tries for anorgasmic women. Said Zilbergeld derisively: "After 13 years and all this pressure, their standards are finally on the record." —*By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by June Morrall/San Francisco and Jack E. White/New York*

Masters, right, and Johnson in Washington during the World Congress of Sexology

"None of us are voyeurs. This is a serious business."

Sally's Joy Ride into the Sky

The first American woman to fly in space shows she has got the Right Stuff

A career in flying was like climbing one of those ancient Babylonian pyramids made up of a dizzy progression of steps and ledges . . . The idea was to prove at every foot of the way that you were one of the elected and anointed ones who had the right stuff *and could move higher and higher and even—ultimately, God willing, one day—that you might be able to join that special few at the very top, the very Brotherhood of the Right Stuff itself.*

—Tom Wolfe, *The Right Stuff*

Brotherhood indeed! True, those male jet jockeys opened the space age with daredevil rides in rinky-dink tin capsules and kangaroo hops across the lunar wasteland. But move over, buddy. The women are coming, breaching that old space boys' club and bursting into what *Ms.* magazine sardonically calls NASA's world of "flaming, phallic rockets." During the next shuttle launch, sitting right there behind the skipper and his co-pilot, watching those blinking dials and video displays with her eagle eyes, will be Sally Kristen Ride, 32, former schoolgirl tennis star, Ph.D. in physics, cool, witty and attractive, and the possessor of just about as much of the Right Stuff as any man who ever preceded her into space.

NASA, to be sure, is keeping its bureaucratic composure; there has been no flamboyant talk about one giant step for womankind. The fact that Sally Ride will be drifting in the cosmos, the first American woman in space, gets only the barest mention in the press handout for the upcoming flight of the *Challenger*, scheduled for Saturday morning, June 18. NASA's flacks spend most of their energy detailing much more mundane aspects of the seventh shuttle mission: that it will carry aloft two more communications satellites, one Canadian, the other Indonesian; that the five-man (oops!) -member crew will be the largest yet launched in any space vehicle; and that the 100-ton craft will glide to a landing for the first time on a new three-mile strip at Florida's Kennedy Space Center rather than on the Western deserts, where there is more room for error.

Team player that she is, Ride insists that her participation in the flight, which will pack her into a small, camper-size cabin for a week with four men, is "no big deal." Says she: "I didn't come into the space program to be the first woman in space. I came in to get a chance to fly as soon as I could." Certainly there is nothing intrinsically extraordinary about her achievement. Women have been doing just about everything else in recent years, even piloting jet aircraft as big or bigger than the shuttle. So why not space? Indeed, in a Marxist-Leninist bow to women's lib, the Soviets launched a woman cosmonaut precisely 20 years ago, though a second did not follow until last summer (*see box*). "It's too bad," scowls Ride, "that society isn't to the point yet where the country could just send up a woman astronaut and nobody would think twice about it."

Still, whether she likes it or not, her flight has gripped the public fancy. She has been interviewed again and again by newspapers and television. Last week at a White House luncheon for the *Challenger* crew—the only one given so far before a shuttle flight—President Reagan gave her an extra share of his attention. Nothing, it seems, symbolizes the progress of American women in the past decade quite so much as the vision of a female astronaut climbing toward the stars.

SHELLY KATZ—BLACK STAR

In cockpit of shuttle trainer, Ride seems raring to go

Breaching the barriers of an elite old boys' club.

Sally's ride—the word play is irresistible—is, however, only one sign of a major change in what can no longer properly be called the U.S. manned space program. In fact, the elite circle has all but become a melting pot. Among its 78 members, there are now four blacks, two Jews and one naturalized American who happens to be part Chinese. Two Europeans, a German and a Dutchman, are training for a shuttle flight later this year. But NASA seems to feel no particular guilt about its past neglect.

Explains Christopher Kraft, former director of the Johnson Space Center: "There were no women in the beginning because they didn't meet the qualifications. The men were all test pilots. They were used to life-and-death situations and put their lives on the line every day." In other words, the space agency did not believe it could find female pilots good enough to handle the challenge of space flight.

All that is now chauvinist history. Moreover, much of the daredevil aspect has gone out of space travel. No longer are astronauts subjected to bone-crunching lift-offs or breathtaking splashdowns into the Pacific. The shuttle has made the going easy. NASA is even talking of inviting ordinary folk along for rides. Marvels Kraft: "They're flying in shirtsleeves." Along with the improving conditions has come a change of emphasis. The object is not simply getting into orbit but actually working there. As a result, says veteran Director of Flight Operations George Abbey, "the pilot's job is no longer the prime job." Increasingly, the responsibilities of a mission—and indeed the entire shuttle program—will fall upon a new breed of astronauts called mission specialists.

Being one of those pioneers is more important to Ride than all the first-female flutter. Like her, the specialists are being recruited largely from the ranks of young scientists. It will be their job to perform in orbit the complex tasks that NASA envisions, including experiments aboard the European-built Spacelab, a self-contained laboratory that will be carried in the shuttle's cargo hold later in the year. Already under way in earlier flights are a wide range of experiments, from creating superpure pharmaceuticals to growing near perfect crystals for the electronics industry. Indeed NASA hopes to show by

such work that the shuttle, which has recently come under criticism as economically unviable, will eventually more than repay the original $10 billion investment. Mission-specialist skills will also play a key role in what NASA hopes to make its next major project: the establishment of a permanent station in orbit where men and women can work for weeks or even months at a time.

As a mission specialist, Ride will not pilot the shuttle. On takeoff and landing, she will sit just behind *Challenger's* commander, Bob Crippen, 45, who flew on the initial shuttle flight and is the first to get a second shuttle mission, and Co-Pilot Frederick Hauck, 42, a rookie. Monitoring the flood of data from the instrument panel, Ride will in effect be the flight engineer. If an emergency occurs, she will suggest special corrective procedures. But Ride's primary responsibility will come later, when she is set to operate the shuttle's 50-ft.-long mechanical arm, or Remote Manipulator System.

On the mission's fifth day, the cherry-picker-like device will be used to play an intriguing game of extraterrestrial catch that could be crucial to the shuttle's future. The arm will hoist a specially designed payload out of the big cargo bay and toss it overboard; then, after the shuttle swoops around the temporary satellite for some nine hours, Ride and her unique arm will try to grapple it back on board. The experiment is a test of the shuttle's ability to retrieve and repair ailing satellites; at least one of those now in orbit will get shuttle-delivered doctoring on a future mission if Ride is successful.

She ought to be, having spent three years mastering the finicky Canadian-built contraption. In long sessions with the builders, she even helped work out corrective procedures in case of a breakdown. One reason Ride won a seat on the flight is that she and another crewmate, Mission Specialist John Fabian, 44, are NASA's premier operators of the arm. Says Abbey: "She and Fabian are probably equally good."

Ride's origins are as all-American as her achievements. She grew up in Encino, Calif., a Los Angeles suburb, reading a lot of science fiction as well as Nancy Drew and James Bond. Her father Dale taught political science at Santa Monica College; her mother Joyce stayed home with Sally and her younger sister Karen. Neither parent pushed her in any particular direction, "except to make sure I studied and brought home the right kind of grades."

By junior high school, Sally had become good enough in tennis to achieve national ranking. She also won a partial scholarship to Westlake, a girls' private school in Los Angeles. There, largely through the inspiration of a physiology teacher from U.C.L.A., she caught the science bug; she pursued that interest in college, first at Swarthmore, then at Stanford, to which she switched in her sophomore year. After two solid years of science and math, she turned to the humanities ("I needed a break from the equations") and fell in love with Shakespeare. In 1973 she graduated with a B.S. in physics and a B.A. in English.

RED HUBER—ORLANDO SENTINEL

Astronauts (from left) Thagard, Ride, Crippen, Fabian and Hauck

In spite of encouragement from Billie Jean King, Ride decided to quit tennis and go on to full-time graduate studies in astrophysics at Stanford. By 1978 she had a doctorate but no job. When NASA advertised for the first time in ten years for astronaut-scientists, she became one of 8,370 applicants. After grueling physical and mental examinations, including a session with two NASA psychiatrists who tried to crack her now celebrated composure, Ride was one of 35 candidates picked, six of them women. The other female "Ascans" (NASA slang for astronaut candidates) were equally talented: Judith Resnik, a doctor of electrical engineering; Anna Fisher, an M.D.; Kathryn Sullivan, a Ph.D. in geology; Surgeon Rhea Seddon; and Biochemist Shannon Lucid.

BROWN—BOCAT SATURE FEATURES

Flight symbol, above, and *Challenger*

Entering a world of flaming, phallic rockets.

Why was Ride chosen? She speculates about her strengths: "A good educational background and one that showed I could learn new things readily." Abbey, who was on the selection panel, has another explanation: Ride is a team player. Those who are determined to do their own thing, he says, "probably wouldn't be happy here." Ride clearly was. She enjoyed flights in NASA's two-seat T-38 trainers so much that she went on to get her private pilot's license. She threw herself enthusiastically into parachute training, scuba diving and even stomach-churning flights aboard a NASA KC-135 transport, whose high-speed arcs gave the Ascans a brief, exhilarating taste of weightlessness.

At first, some old hands in the brotherhood, like Moonwalker Al Bean, who instructed the new recruits, doubted that women could tackle such "male things" as spacecraft and computers. But as Ride and the other women demonstrated their mettle—actually she had spent many hours in graduate school at computer terminals—Bean had a change of heart. The women, he finally agreed, performed as well as the men. In 1980, encouraged by the female experience, NASA added two more women to the astronaut corps.

Though no quarter was given in the training, some sensible accommodation was made to cope with the differences between the sexes. To adapt to shorter limbs (Ride is 5 ft. 5 in.), shuttle seats were built so that they could slide like those in a car. Optional grooming aids were added to the personal kits of the astronauts (though

Ride, left, with Astronauts Resnik, Fisher, Sullivan and Seddon in 1978

Part of a new breed of mission specialists who could make or break the space shuttle

Ride pointedly has not said whether she will wear lipstick or powder for the inevitable orbital TV shows). Included as well are tampons, linked together lest one drift off when the box is opened. The shuttle's single privy was already designed with women in mind. Instead of the flexible hose used by the male-only crews of the old Gemini and Apollo spacecraft, NASA provided a wide cuplike attachment that fits over the crotch. A curtain is being added to give Ride some privacy, though she did not ask for it. Notes Astronaut Mary Cleave, an environmental engineer: "Guys don't like to perform vital functions in front of everybody either."

NASA doctors do not expect any special medical problems with Ride or any other woman in space. Says Dr. Sam Poole, the Johnson Space Center's medical chief: "I don't think women will respond any differently from men." Though anecdotal evidence suggests that women are more susceptible to motion sickness, none of the spinning tests conducted by NASA has supported the theory. Nor are the space agency's doctors particularly worried about the reportedly greater inclination of women toward the bends. Doctors say that any problems can be easily averted by longer prebreathing sessions before and after a space walk

Like her sister astronauts, Ride has mostly been treated like one of the guys Says she: "Crip won't even open a door for me any more." Ever since the mission team selection was announced 14 months ago, Ride and her crewmates have spent most of their waking hours together. The fifth member of the group, Norman Thagard, 39, another mission specialist, was added only last December. As a physician, he will investigate a nagging difficulty of space travel: the initial queasiness, or "space adaptation syndrome," that seems to afflict about 50% of all astronauts in their first few days of weightlessness. The *Challenger* team members share an office at the Johnson Space Center. They practice endlessly in the shuttle cockpit simulator, rehearsing every conceivable facet of the mission, including possible emergencies. They have come to be as close-knit as a family, even to the extent of protecting Ride from an overly inquisitive press. When she quietly married fellow Astronaut Steve Hawley last July (he will fly on the twelfth shuttle flight with Resnik), her *Challenger* comrades respected her wish to keep her private life private

Ride has earned her colleagues' trust and high regard. Says Crippen, who as skipper had veto power over all the crew choices: "You like people who stay calm under duress. And Sally can do that. She hit all the squares." Her sister, who has become a Presbyterian minister, calls her a tough, no-nonsense competitor: "Sally will wipe you out every time." Adds Molly Tyson, an old Stanford roommate: "I've never seen Sally trip, on or off the court, physically or intellectually."

With such displays of combativeness and composure under pressure, it would seem that the shuttle program is in good hands, whether they are male or female. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Sam Allis/Houston and Jerry Hannifin/Washington*

Coloring the Cosmos Pink

On June 16, 1963, Valentina Tereshkova, 26, began a three-day orbital voyage, becoming the first woman to break the shackles of the earth. Tereshkova returned to a hero's welcome in Moscow, including kisses from a beaming Premier Nikita Khrushchev, who held her up to the world as the symbol of the new Soviet woman.

TASS FROM SOVFOTO

Tereshkova: troubled No.1

TASS FROM SOVFOTO

Savitskaya: topnotch No. 2

Attractive and svelte at age 46, Tereshkova today is divorced from the fellow cosmonaut she married after the flight. She remains a popular public figure and has taken on such ceremonial chores as addressing a huge peace rally in Moscow's Olympic stadium last month. But if Tereshkova's mission was so successful, why did the Soviets wait 19 years before they sent a second woman, Svetlana Savitskaya, 34, into orbit last summer?

The apparent explanation: Tereshkova's highly touted odyssey, which seems to have been ordered by Khrushchev personally, was a technical flop. A millworker by profession, she was poorly prepared (she had done only some amateur parachute jumping) and, according to word from Soviet defectors, became severely ill during the flight. Indeed, even as she was being strapped into her Vostok capsule, as a last-minute replacement for the original woman candidate, she complained of feeling sick and dizzy. But with Khrushchev looking over their shoulders, Soviet space officials sent the reluctant Tereshkova on her way.

Savitskaya's 1982 journey, by contrast, was an undisputed success. A flying instructor and test pilot, she is a model of physical fitness. She and two male companions successfully hooked up with the Salyut 7 space station and spent a week on board with resident Cosmonauts Anatoli Berezovoi and Valentin Lebedev. Savitskaya suffered no discomfort at all. She did, however, have to endure some heavy-handed Soviet male humor. Boarding the space station, Lebedev smilingly invited her to do the cooking and cleaning. Said he: "We've got an apron ready for you, Sveta."

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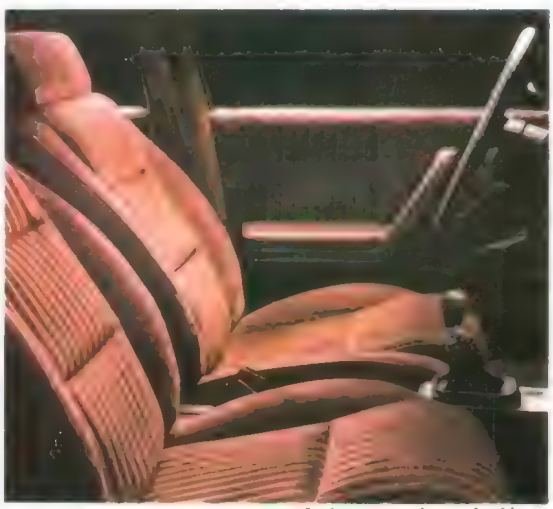

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Environment

Abuzz over Bees

New theory on yellow rain

For the past two years, the U.S. Government has been urgently seeking to convince the world that the Soviet Union has been guilty, in Afghanistan and Southeast Asia, of violating international bans on chemical warfare. The alleged weapon: "yellow rain," a lethal spray of poisons. The Soviets have denied the charge, and a United Nations panel was unable to confirm it. Now, to the considerable embarrassment of U.S. officials, a group of respected scientists has offered a new theory. Said Harvard Biochemist Matthew Meselson last week at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: "There is good evidence that yellow rain is bee excrement."

Meselson, an authority on chemical weaponry, based his hypothesis on studies of tiny samples of yellow rain collected in Southeast Asia. Electron microscopy disclosed that the samples consisted primarily of pollen husks from tropical plants favored by honeybees. Meselson then compared the substance with bee droppings collected around Harvard and found them remarkably similar, right down to the presence of a bee hair.

The State Department quickly ridiculed Meselson's theory as "the great bee caper" and stated that its scientists had already rejected such natural explanations. Spokesman Alan Romberg pointed out that one sample of a yellow raindrop weighed 300 mg, which, he said, "is certainly more than a bee could drop." The greatest flaw in Meselson's theory, Romberg continued, is that it fails to explain why yellow rain contains fungal poisons, or mycotoxins, which are present in doses large enough to kill a man, let alone a bee. The Government contends that mycotoxins have been found in the bodies of Asian victims of Soviet spraying and in the blood and urine of survivors.

Meselson was unimpressed by these arguments. Because honeybees do not defecate during the winter or rainy seasons, he explains, a large volume of feces accumulates over these long periods. Meselson admits, however, that the origin of the toxins is not easily explained, though he noted that the poison might be produced by fungi that often grow on bee excrement. In any case, Meselson says, the bee theory "opens up the realm of natural explanations for yellow rain in a way not previously done." The problem for the Government was that with international relations at stake, there was still so much room for scientific controversy. ■

A mud-ravaged home in Bountiful, Utah. At right: crossing a street turned canal in Salt Lake City

When the Mud Ran Amuck

The citizens of Farmington, Utah, will never forget the sound. "The trees were popping and the boulders rolling," recalls Steve Moon of the fire department. "Anybody who wouldn't be nervous listening to that coming down the hill, there's just got to be something wrong with them." What came down the hill was mud: tons and tons of soggy, slippery, onrushing mud. The same thing was happening in the neighboring town of Bountiful, where 1,000 people had to be evacuated. Mud slides and floods all last week caused millions of dollars of damage and the loss of 16 homes in Utah and in western Nevada, where a mucky avalanche off aptly named Slide Mountain caused the death of one man, the Rev. Joseph Valenzuela. Said one of Valenzuela's parishioners, Tim Miller, who survived with a separated shoulder and cracked ribs: "I served quite a few months in Viet Nam, and I'd rather do that than go through something like this again."

According to Bruce Kaliser, chief hazard geologist for the Utah department of natural resources, the soil on mountains in the area is supersaturated because of an abnormally high winter snowpack's melting under suddenly warm spring weather. Torrential rains have further loosened the soil, which has been tumbling down into the canyons, creating an earth dam. As water builds up behind the dams, it is only a matter of time before the unstable materials start to give way and a mud slide is born.

The heavy rains and runoff in Utah turned a main street in Salt Lake City into a river, where enterprising citizens were catching fish. But mud slides in towns to the north pose a greater and continuing danger. "We can control the water, but the mud just goes where it wants to," explained Davis County Deputy Sheriff Harry Jones. "All we can do is try to anticipate where it is going and then get out of the way." Says another deputy, Pat Bird: "When it gets dark, nobody knows when it is coming or where it's coming from, and that's when it gets scary."

Adding Some Sizzle at A.B.T.

Twyla Tharp's new ballet highlights a strong season

When the curtain goes up on *Once Upon a Time*, Twyla Tharp's new dance for American Ballet Theater, Mikhail Baryshnikov is alone onstage. He is elegantly dressed in pleated, '30s-style trousers, the kind that Cary Grant or Katharine Hepburn used to wear in the movies. This attractive, provocative first glance recalls Tharp's triumphant *Push Comes to Shove* (1976); that ballet began with Baryshnikov's sidling out in a vaguely Slavic tunic and a sassy bowler hat. No doubt about it, Tharp understands this Russian-American firebird better than any other choreographer. She sees the virtuoso and the man in exile, and above all she understands the star power.

So here comes Misha, 1983 edition, a busy man indeed. Into his private space—a space he defines with whipping spins, sudden leaps followed by trancelike stillness—comes a very young woman in red (Deirdre Carberry) to be partnered through soupy Glazounov waltz tunes. That is no easy job, since this muse is coltish and blithely self-absorbed. Three more young women (Elaine Kudo, Nancy Raffa, Amanda McKerrow), wearing costumes that suggest old-fashioned pinafores, glide in and out. At the end, his red-geranium partner's having vanished, Baryshnikov is hypnotized by the retreating figure of McKerrow.

Once Upon a Time is Tharp's most romantic piece. She sees what choreographers usually see in Baryshnikov: a performer who extends the boundaries of male virtuosity, in that sense the most modern of ballet dancers. But in the clarity and fastidious detail of his technique, as well as his warmth and amplitude, Baryshnikov evokes nostalgia—for the perfumed legends of Nijinsky and the Diaghilev troupe that first ignited the passion for ballet in the West. It is no small feat to capture this double image in a twelve-minute work, but Tharp has done it.

On a mundane level this Misha seems a bit tired, with his loosened tie and distracted air. It does not take much imagination to see this overworked chap as the head of a big dance company, which of course happens to be Baryshnikov's situation as artistic director of A.B.T. Develop the dancers, search out inspiring choreography, get out there and sell tickets with your own bag of tricks: that is a day's work for him.

This is the third year of his tenure at A.B.T., which is currently playing an ambitious eleven-week season at New York City's Metropolitan Opera House. His initial goal was to create a strong, youthful corps de ballet and to lessen A.B.T.'s chronic reliance on international stars. The corps now is an impeccably disciplined instrument, but the members are so fresh in their almost votive commitment that their precision never suggests a drill team. At the start of his first season, Baryshnikov also picked out a few youthful dancers and virtually pushed them out onstage in important roles. His choices—among them, Susan Jaffe, 21, Cheryl Yeager, 25, Robert La Fosse, 23, Peter Fonseca, 25—are strong ones, but it takes years to develop a finished principal dancer. Of the familiar stars, Fernando Bujones, 28, Cynthia Gregory, 36, and Martine van Hamel, 37, are in glistening form and, with Baryshnikov, often carry the show.

Baryshnikov in Tharp's *Once Upon a Time*

The company's strengths are evident in the season's most ambitious new production, George Balanchine's *Symphonie Concertante* (1947). This work has not been performed for 30 years, and survived only because it happened to have been transcribed in Labanotation (a system of symbols for preserving choreography). *Symphonie Concertante* is a reclaimed treasure. Set to Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante* in E-flat for violin, viola and orchestra, it casts two ballerinas as the solo instruments, the brilliant Gregory as the violin, the mellower Van Hamel as the viola and surrounds them with a corps tracing patterns and recombining in gentle, eloquent classical phrases. Designer Theoni V. Aldredge has fashioned what must be the most beautiful tutus in years, and when the ballet fills the stage it becomes a superplum paradise. *Symphonie Concertante* is the kind of sturdy piece that ballet troupes survive on and that Balanchine provided as effortlessly as a man sowing a garden row.

The company also has a fine new staging of Bournonville's *La Sylphide* by Erik Bruhn, who once danced the role of James eloquently and who is now artistic director of the National Ballet of Canada. As James, Bujones uses his particular aggressive variation on the Bournonville style effectively, and he is nicely complemented by Marianna Tcherkassky's sweet, limpid, almost blurred Sylph. The gorgeous sets by Desmond Heeley are drenchingly romantic, but Bruhn wisely keeps sentiment in check onstage. A revival of Jerome Robbins' fierce, street-hip *New York Export: Op. Jazz* has corps kids of the '80s snapping their fingers just like gang squads of the *West Side Story* era. This ballet shows its age (1958) only in the costumes: the sweatshirts are plain, without any emblazonment.

Elegant symmetry: Van Hamel, Bissell and Gregory in *Symphonie Concertante*

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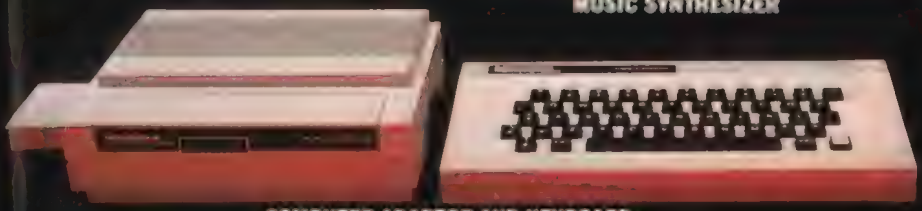

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Dance

With the exception of *Once Upon a Time*, A.B.T.'s newly commissioned ballets offer sober evidence that it may take even more patience to build a repertory than to school a major dancer. The company, led by Gregory and Cynthia Harvey, dance the socks off *Interludes*, a bland effort set to Brahms' *Serenade in A Major, Opus 16* by San Francisco Choreographer John McFall, 36. Lynne Taylor-Corbett, whose *Great Galloping Gottschalk* was a hit last year, has a moody new piece, *Estuary;* once again the performances, by Van Hamel and Patrick Bissell, burnish a dull concept. Van Hamel, a dancer of wit and grace, has an even murkier assignment in Jiri Kylian's *Torso*, a grim, roughhouse *pas de deux* with Clark Tippet

The death of Balanchine in April underscored the present scarcity of talented

Tcherkassky and Bujones in *La Sylphide*

choreographers, a problem that every large company must deal with. Baryshnikov tries to be philosophical. "One has lived with this a long time," he observes "If one looks around the country, there are very few names—Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, Jerry Robbins, Twyla Tharp, Eliot Feld. It must have been wonderful to be here in the '40s when Balanchine, Antony Tudor and Agnes de Mille were making ballets for A.B.T. I wish I could choreograph like Balanchine, but I can't, so I am patient and I try out new talent. If I find a choreographer strong enough to take over this wonderful company, I would make it his or hers, in terms of artistic direction." Such an event is not at hand, however. Instead, what Baryshnikov said in his onstage eulogy of Mr. B. seems to apply more closely: "He looks out for us and for all companies." For the next few years, one hopes that he does not blink. —*By Martha Duffy*

In a brooding mist on this blasted heath, the superb cast of *Fen* ranges from stark to lyrical

Theater

Tragedy in an Aching Stoop

FEN *by Caryl Churchill*

Tiny spires of smoke rise from the stage as if the earth were releasing noxious fumes. In the brooding mist on this blasted brown heath, we almost expect *Macbeth's* three witches to materialize.

The women who do appear are simple farm laborers gathering up a potato crop In rigid lines and soulless silence, they move forward, whisking loose dirt from the potatoes and tossing them into baskets. They are harrowing illustrations from Edwin Markham's *The Man with the Hoe* "Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop."

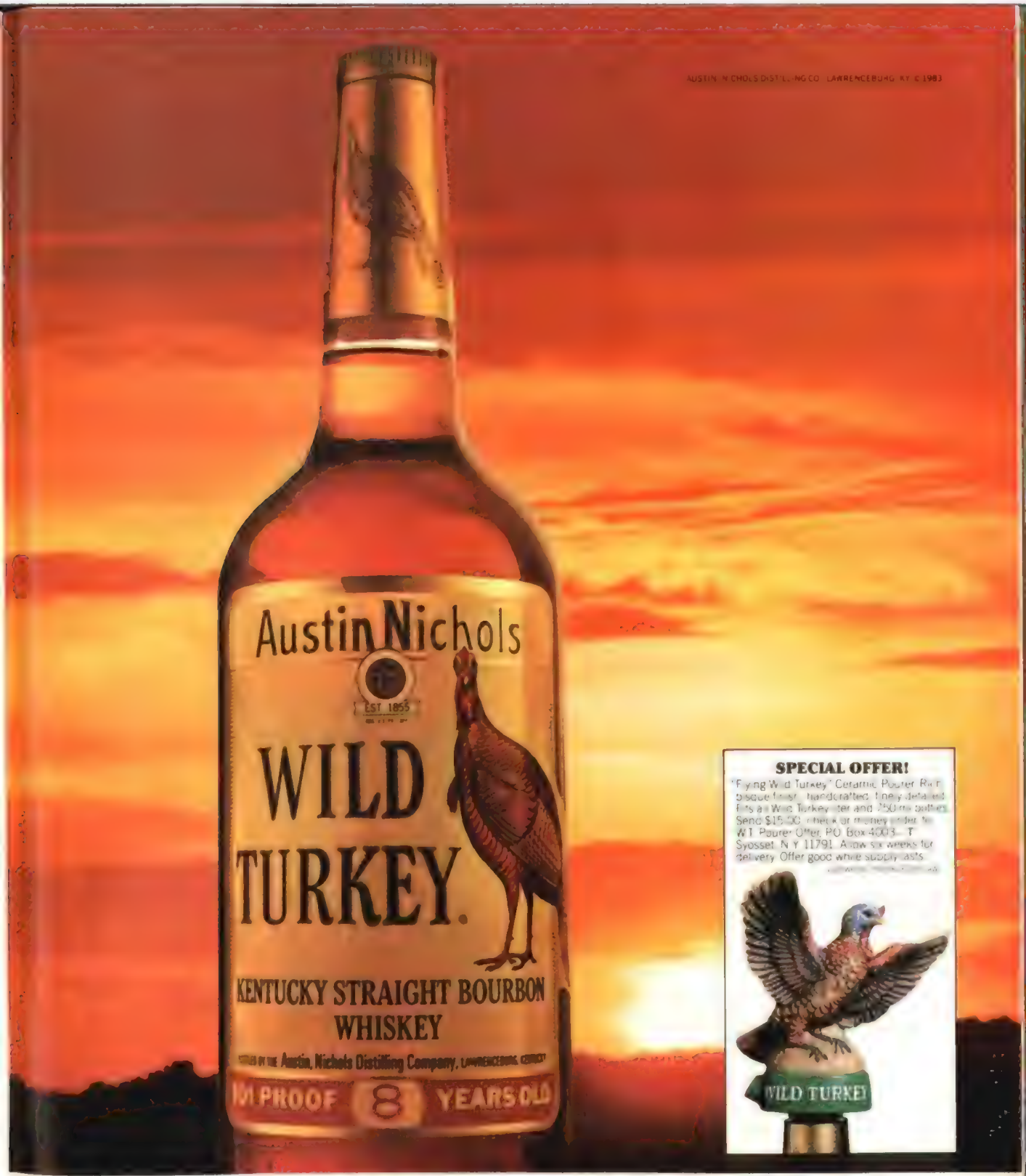
Currently at Joseph Papp's Public Theater, *Fen* is the third of British Playwright Caryl Churchill's plays to be presented in New York. "Infinitely distantly" related to Winston, Churchill, 44, is a no-nonsense feminist whose convictions are firm without being strident. She is the mother of three boys, ages 20, 18 and 13, and her barrister husband tended them for stretches so that she could write. She possesses a startling imagination, and her way with words ranges from the stark to the lyrical

Fen is quite unlike *Cloud Nine*, Churchill's wickedly ambisextrous foray into the man-woman relationship in the heyday of Victoria's imperial sway, updated in Act II to contemporary Britain. Nor does it remotely resemble *Top Girls*, her study of the modern career woman's adaptive skills at the Big Business pastime of cat-kills-mouse. The women of *Fen* seem primordially immune to change, though Churchill would doubtless argue that they have been ensnared in a capitalistic slave pen

In the east of England, less than 100 miles north of London, the Fens draws its name from the fact that it was swampland reclaimed for farming beginning in the 17th century. This rich earth is gradually falling into the hands of interlocking conglomerates, and the play implies that the Japanese may eventually own it. Against this backdrop Churchill fashions a kind of *Under Milk Wood* as it might have been seen through the bleak, baleful eyes of Thomas Hardy

The unifying element is a love story played out against a landscape of doom Val (Jennie Stoller) falls in love with Frank (Bernard Strother), a farm laborer separated from his wife and children. She leaves her husband and two young daughters. But Val is soon torn by anguish. She cannot live without her children and would die without her man. The lovers are both earthbound and star-crossed

In between, we meet the villagers cantankerous, narrowly provincial, soaked in religious zeal and, occasionally, intoxicated with a bizarre humor. The desire to escape a barren, futile existence is grimly repressed. It translates into a lurking violence. Three children taunt a woman said to be a hermaphrodite (Cecily Hobbs) and try to impale her on a hoe as if it were a pitchfork. A sadistic stepmother (Amelda Brown) torments her placidly submissive stepdaughter (Tricia Kelly) in order to "feel something." At one point, Val asks Frank: "What are you frightened of?" Frank replies: "Going mad. Heights. Beauty." Says Val: "Lucky we live in a flat country." Churchill interprets the flat country to be the death of the heart, and with the aid of an absolutely superb cast, she has composed a moving requiem. —*By T.E. Kalem*



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People

Hemingway: when she is good, she is very, very good

Mr. T on the set of *D.C. Cab:* when he is bad, he is torrid

A shade past the ingénue stage, but not quite right yet for classic leading-lady roles, **Margaux Hemingway,** 27, apparently has to take what comes in between. And that means teaming up with **Elliott Gould,** 44, in something called *Over the Brooklyn Bridge*. (In a singular stroke of good judgment, the producers changed the film's title from *My Darling Shiksa*.) If her screen work seems a little pale, the Hemingway magic returns the moment she lapses into her first vocation as model. Even when she dons men's clothes in Paris for a fashion spread, Margaux seems to be aging as well as the wine she was named after.

■

Doing double duty as speaker and proud parent or uncle at no fewer than three commencements last week, Senator **Edward M. Kennedy,** 51, could not have been more in evidence if he were running for President—or head of the P.T.A. He returned to his alma mater, the Fessenden School in West Newton, Mass., where his youngest son, **Patrick,** 15, was graduating from the ninth grade. Next came Brown University for the graduation of Nephew **John F. Kennedy Jr.,** 22. But it was last week's graduation of Daughter **Kara,** 23, from Tufts University that created an unusual family portrait. Kennedy and his wife **Joan,** 46, who filed for divorce last December, got together with all their children for the occasion. Although Kennedy once again delivered the commencement address, he said he was "honored most of all to come here as a parent to celebrate this day with my daughter and her classmates."

■

A tough-on-the-outside, mushy-on-the-inside blend of up-from-the-ghetto chivalry seems to have won **Mr. T** the hearts of inner-city youth and Nielsen families alike. His *A-Team* television series is the only sure hit of the early 1983 ratings season, and when Mr. T goes to Washington, as he has done for the filming of *D.C. Cab*, the wholesomeness gets nearly out of control. Mr. T, 31, plays one of the drivers of a bankrupt cab company in the capital, who go about solving kidnapings and helping out old ladies. But in between takes, even Mr. T needs a little sprucing up to get that exterior to look sufficiently menacing. His haircut was inspired by his research ten years ago into the Mandinka tribe of West Africa. But only his hairdresser dares to tease the result.

■

It has lain among the wealth of original manuscripts in the cavernous New York Public Library for the past 30 years. Now *Father Abraham*, a short story by **William Faulkner,** is about to be published for the first time. Written in 1926, after his first novel, *Soldiers' Pay*, the story plots the origins of the Snopes family, who were to form the center of his Yoknapatawpha County trilogy (*The Hamlet, The Town* and *The Mansion*). *Father Abraham*, which was the start of a never finished novel, has been known to Faulknerian scholars for years. But curiously, no one had ever transcribed his intricate handwriting until the Red Ozier Press decided to bring out a limited edition of the work. The delay in publication was not caused by the manuscript's quality. According to University of South Carolina Professor James B. Meriwether, who edited the story, "The young Faulkner did nothing more ambitious or more successful."

—*By E. Graydon Carter*

Kennedy redux at Tufts: Ted Jr., Joan, Kara, Ted Sr. and Patrick

On the Record

Howard Baker, 57, three-term Republican Senator from Tennessee and Senate majority leader, on whether he regrets his decision not to seek re-election next year: "No. Not only am I not sorry but I'm now actively engaged in negotiations to try to gain time off for good behavior."

Jan Scruggs, 33, president of Washington's Viet Nam Veterans Memorial Fund, on why his organization agreed to regulations that would keep demonstrators at a distance from the half-year-old monument: "We didn't want Jane Fonda one day and Jerry Falwell the next."

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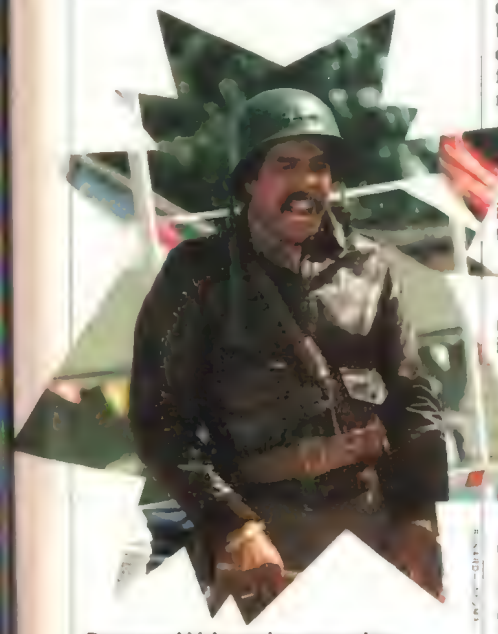
Goodness at the Crossroads

SUPERMAN III *Directed by Richard Lester*
Screenplay by David Newman and Leslie Newman

He strides through Metropolis with a heavy, sexy gait, as if John Wayne had just discovered his libido. A three-day beard prickles the lantern jaw. His hair has lost that Wildroot sheen, and the brilliant red cape has turned a dirty maroon. Even the cape's bold insignia looks tarnished: the *S* coils like a sinister serpent. From every corner of the Big Apricot, citizens avert their eyes, hardly daring to whisper: Can this be . . . Superman?

In comic books, on TV in the '50s and in two hugely successful movies (1978 and 1981), Superman has triumphed over nearly every species of injustice. The villains of Metropolis bang their clenched fists against his chest and go away whimpering. Preternatural varmints from the planet Krypton attempt to bend his will to theirs and end up with splitting headaches. But now, perhaps, the Man of Steel has finally met his match: his own rotten self. See Good battle Evil in a schizophrenic clash that makes for the most entertaining and affecting *Superman* yet.



Pryor: a nebbishy genius gone astray

Superman's personality has been threatening to go splitsville ever since he was saddled with the alter ego of Clark Kent, ace reporter and consummate nerd of the *Daily Planet*. Clark is every clumsy, sweet-souled teen-age boy who ever fantasized scoring the big touchdown or scoring with the prom queen; Superman is the 6-ft. 4-in. embodiment of that dream. This man is both men, hulk and hunk, and no telephone booth is big enough to house the inherent contradictions.

In the earlier stories, the rivalry was played mostly for romantic-comedy laughs. The first two *Superman* movies were at their most engaging when they updated the screwball sensibility of old Hollywood, casting Super Clark (Christopher Reeve) as a gently bumbling Fred MacMurray type and his inamorata Lois Lane (Margot Kidder) as a hip career woman in the Rosalind Russell mold. *Superman III* expands on the humor and enriches the pathos by phasing out Lois and introducing a new love interest: Lana Lang (Annette O'Toole), the girl Clark left behind in Smallville. Lana respects Superman but carries a torch for Clark. And the man in question has trouble figuring out which one he is. Soon enough, he will have a more serious conflict to worry about: whether he is the ultimate good guy or the meanest dude in Metropolis.

This is still Superman, of course, who is no more subject to mid-life crises than he is to dandruff. If he is made to turn sour, there must be a reason. Enter a triad of villains—Megamogul Ross Webster (Robert Vaughn), his ugly, scheming sister Vera (Annie Ross) and his "psychic nutritionist," the alluring Lorelei Ambrosia (Pamela Stephenson)—and one nebbishy computer genius gone astray. His name is Gus Gorman, and since he is played by Richard Pryor, two things are certain: Gus will be on Superman's side in time for the climax, and the film will turn a healthy profit before the summer is over. Screenwriters David Newman and Leslie Newman, who have worked on all three *Superman* movies, are canny enough to bring Pryor on early; he runs through his engaging repertoire of whinnies and grimaces, demonstrating an unexpected mastery of computers, and, with shambling grace, falls in with the film's light-comic spirit.

Webster is the richest, greediest man in the world. How rich? He has his own MX missile; he schusses down a private ski run atop his skyscraper penthouse; he has never worn the same pair of socks twice. How greedy? He almost corners the coffee-bean market by directing one of his satellites to beam down a hurricane on Colombia (where, he notes wryly, "coffee is one of the two major crops"). Then, when Superman foils his scheme, Webster uses Gus' computer skills to discover virtually all the elements of Kryptonite. It is when Gus improvises the last unknown element—cigarette tar!—that Superman turns bad and fights the still good Clark Kent to the death and beyond.

The film is stocked with sprightly gags—from the opening credit sequence, with its Rube Goldberg series of mishaps, to the evil Superman getting a wicked charge out of setting the leaning tower of Pisa aright. Director Richard Lester (*A Hard Day's Night, Petulia*) paces the jokes to his trademarked sprung rhythm and sees that they are deftly executed by his engaging cast. Vaughn may lack the top-dog malevolence needed for an archvillain, but he communicates the fun he had playing the role. O'Toole, whose cheerleader beauty has too often been camouflaged on TV and in bad movies, blossoms here into that rare Hollywood star: someone who can make goodness seem sexy.

Reeve and O'Toole, inset: meanest dude in Metropolis

One might say the same for Christopher Reeve. Superman is a role that offers as many pitfalls as opportunities: surrender to parody and the part becomes as two-dimensional as newsprint; emphasize the stalwart heroism and the audience falls asleep. Reeve brings both a light touch and sufficient muscle to Superman. And when he goes bad, he is a sketch of vice triumphant, swaggering toward the vixen Lorelei for a sulfurous kiss. It is largely to Reeve's credit that this summer's moviegoers will look up at the screen and say, "It's a hit . . . It's a delight . . . It's Supersequel!" —*By Richard Corliss*

Down the Tubes, Up the Ladder

TRADING PLACES *Directed by John Landis*
Screenplay by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod

On the winter street outside the Heritage Club, dedicated to liberty and justice for all, but open only to Wasp males of elevated social and financial status, Billy Ray Valentine (Eddie Murphy) is working his latest scam. Black, and a street hustler not quite as shrewd as he thinks he is, Billy Ray is dressed in rags and crouched on a rolling platform. He is pretending to be a blind and legless Viet Nam veteran, begging and trying to make it with a foxy passer-by ("Ain't you never heard of *Porgy and Bess*?").

Inside the club, preppie Louis Winthorpe III (Dan Aykroyd), the sharpest commodity trader going, is reporting to his employers, the brothers Duke. This pair are Dickensian in their meanness and cupidity, but right up to date in their desire to manipulate people for the sheer nasty fun of it. Winthorpe III, it should be noted, is Billy Ray's soul brother in just one way: he is not as bright as he thinks he is either.

It is sheer chance, a phenomenon not much discussed inside the Heritage Club, that brings the two young men together. A couple of policemen miraculously restore Billy Ray Valentine to health simply by picking him up and shaking him. Running away, he bumps into Winthorpe, whose breeding makes him assume that any encounter with a black is a prelude to mugging. Trying to escape this mad honky, Billy Ray dashes into the club where, under the eyes of the Duke brothers, he is arrested. The old boys have just been discussing nature *vs.* nurture. Mortimer (Don Ameche) holds that genetics is destiny, that the natural nobility of a chap like Winthorpe will assert itself no matter what his circumstances, and that a fellow like Billy Ray Valentine will resort to criminality no matter how well the world treats him. Brother Randolph (Ralph Bellamy) holds the opposite, that people are shaped by the manner in which the world treats them. Forthwith, a bet is made. The Dukes arrange for Billy Ray to be mysteriously lifted up into Winthorpe's well-buttled town house, and to apply his street smarts to making money in pork-belly futures. Winthorpe is, at the same time, sent spinning down the tubes, with only a good-hearted prostitute (Jamie Lee Curtis) to guide him through the intricacies of the guttersnipe life-style.

Aykroyd and Murphy in *Trading Places*
Good nature in the mean streets.

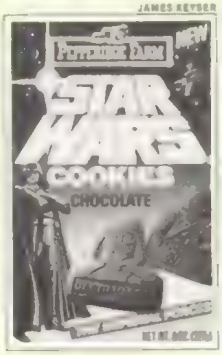
How the two young men discover that they have been had and how they join forces to take revenge are the substance of *Trading Places*, one of the most emotionally satisfying and morally gratifying comedies of recent times. Perhaps because of an almost geometrically balanced structure, it has powerful persuasiveness when it moves the audience to the wilder shores of farce. Any movie that can punish a villain by involving him in a homosexual love affair with a gorilla and make the situation both plausible and risible is a picture to be reckoned with.

Trading Places also makes Eddie Murphy a force to be reckoned with. It takes nothing away from Aykroyd's perfect prissiness as Winthorpe, or from Bellamy and Ameche, having the time of their sunset years playing the Dukes, to say this. But Murphy, using his Tyrone Green character from *Saturday Night Live* as a sketch for a full-scale portrait, demonstrates the powers of invention that signal the arrival of a major comic actor, and possibly a great star. He makes *Trading Places* something more than a good-hearted comedy. He turns it into an event. —**By Richard Schickel**

The Force Is with It

Everybody in Hollywood expected George Lucas' *Return of the Jedi* to do very well. Still, no one was prepared for the human tidal wave that has inundated the theaters since the film opened May 25. The first day set a box-office record of $6,219,629, and that was a Wednesday, usually a slow day in the movie business. Friday beat that record, with $6,437,005, and Sunday jumped to $8,440,105. When the week was over, *Return of the Jedi* had made $45,311,004, nearly double the amount of the previous highest scorer, *E.T.*, which took in $25,030,276 during seven days last summer. If that blistering pace continues, the film will reach its break-even point, about $80 million, long before summer officially begins June 21.

In cities and towns all across the U.S. and Canada, fans camped out in front of the 1,002 theaters showing *Jedi*. Some were wearing the costumes of their favorite characters, from the furry Chewbacca to wise old Obi-Wan Kenobi. Many families ate in relays so that someone would always be there to hold a place in line. In Los Angeles one fan even brought a TV set and a video-recording machine so that he could watch *Star Wars* No. 1 while waiting to see No. 3.



Though a few films, like the 3-D *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone*, seemed to shrivel in *Jedi's* glare, others gained: many people who could not get into the Skywalker saga took second best and picked a film playing near by. The movie business was not the only one making money from the picture, however. Stores selling *Jedi* toys, books and T shirts were also busy. "*Return of the Jedi* items are flying out of here," said Marian Every, manager of an F.A.O. Schwarz toy store in Washington. Pepperidge Farm reported brisk sales of *Jedi* cookies: chocolate for the villains, vanilla for the good guys and peanut butter for the robots and assorted fuzzy-wuzzies.

The reviews were mixed, but many in the largely youthful audiences have already returned to see the picture a second or third time, giving some indication that *Jedi* may remain a box-office bonanza for weeks and months to come. "I saw the first two movies only 15 times each," apologized one young man in a Manhattan queue. "But my friend Abby saw them 150 times each. She even sounds like Darth Vader sometimes." However it sounds, such talk fills Hollywood with awe and sets gold chains tinkling with envy up and down Rodeo Drive. If George Lucas does not have the Force with him, he has something just as good: millions and millions of moviegoers, standing in line, eager to get inside.

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Murders in a Medieval Monastery

THE NAME OF THE ROSE *by Umberto Eco*
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 502 pages; $15.95

When a renowned Italian expert in semiotics, the arcane science of signs, sets out to write a thriller, the resulting fiction is bound to bristle with more obscure clues, mysterious ciphers and symbolic happenings than were ever conjured up by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. So it is with Umberto Eco's first novel, *The Name of the Rose*, a Sherlock Holmesian fantasy in a medieval setting.

Eco, 51, is the author of a study of the sources of James Joyce's language, as well as more than a dozen other scholarly works, including *The Role of the Reader: Explorations in the Semiotics of Texts* (Indiana University Press; 1979). By far the most successful of his writings, *The Name of the Rose* won the two top literary awards in Italy, the Premio Strega and the Premio Viareggio, and has sold 500,000 copies there since 1980.

In the U.S., where the Middle Ages are less modish than in Europe, the book's popularity depends on how much medieval esoterica readers are willing to slog through to reach the heart of the story. For Eco's novel, fluidly translated by William Weaver, is not only an entertaining narrative of a murder investigation in a monastery in 1327. It is also a chronicle of the 14th century's religious wars, a history of monastic orders and a compendium of heretical movements. All of this is recounted in the language of theological disputation, Scholastic discourse and—*caveat lector*—Latin.

The author tips his hat to Sir Arthur early on. The name of his medieval detective, William of Baskerville, is an echo of the Sherlock Holmes story *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. In the 14th century context, William is a Franciscan friar, famed for his formidable powers of deduction. His companion and disciple is called Adso, or in French, Adson, as in the phrase "Elementary, my dear Adson."

The pair are traveling together at a time of troubles for the church. An inquisition is raging against heretics, casting a dark and menacing shadow over the whole era. The Emperor in Milan and the Pope in Avignon are battling for ascendancy over the Holy Roman Empire. The Emperor, Louis IV, has sent William to the abbot of a rich and powerful Benedictine monastery in Italy on a mission of conciliation. The Franciscan and Adso arrive at the abbey right after the body of a young monk has been discovered. Suicide or murder is suspected. The abbot, aware of William's skills at detection, persuades him to investigate the death.

The atmosphere at the abbey, already poisoned by suspicions of heresy and unholy lust among some of the monks, quickly becomes lethal as other mysterious deaths take place—a total of seven bloody deeds. William speculates that the killer may be inspired by the *Book of Revelation*, where it is prophesied that a series of seven trumpet calls will signal death and destruction before the Apocalypse.

William's attention focuses on the abbey's library, a repository of divine and secular texts that is meant to symbolize all the world's knowledge. No one but the librarian and his assistant has access to its labyrinthine secret rooms. The abbot explains: "The library defends itself, immeasurable as the truth it houses, deceitful as the falsehood it preserves." William suspects that the victims were murdered for seeking out a single forbidden book. "What the temptation of adultery is for laymen and the yearning for riches is for secular ecclesiastics, the seduction of knowledge is for monks," he muses. "Why should they not have risked death to satisfy a curiosity of their minds, or have killed to prevent someone from appropriating a jealously guarded secret of their own?"

After some 450 pages, William locates both the forbidden volume and the "Antichrist" who has engineered the murders. It would violate the rules of sport to give more away, except to report that the book is the "lost" second volume of Aristotle's *Poetics*. Book I explored the nature of tragedy; Book II supposedly inquired into comedy, extolling it as a force for good. This the murderer could not abide. As William explains to Adso, he "did a diabolical thing because he loved his truth so lewdly that he dared anything in order to destroy falsehood . . . Perhaps the mission of those who love mankind is to make people laugh at the truth, *to make truth laugh*, because the only truth lies in learning to free ourselves from insane passion for the truth."

Critics in Italy have viewed Eco's book as a parable of contemporary Italian political life, which has its share of murderous fanatics and absolutist ideologies. Others have seen it as a work of vast erudition, to be read on several levels of ethical, political and historical concern. More likely, though, *The Name of the Rose* is a monumental exercise in mystification by a fun-loving scholar. The enigmatic title offers a clue to his intentions. When queried about its meaning, Eco replied that "the name of the rose" is an expression sometimes used in the Middle Ages to denote the infinite power of words: "Abelard, for example, claimed that the rose subsists in its name, even if the rose is not there, or has never existed." As a retort, some readers might find a plebeian Latin saying singularly apt. It is *res, non verba*, which translates roughly into a call for more substance, fewer words.

—*By Patricia Blake*

Excerpt

"'Don't worry. The horse came this way and took the path to the right.' 'When did you see him?' the cellarer asked. 'We haven't seen him at all, have we, Adso?' William said. 'How did you know?' 'Come, come,' William said, 'it is obvious you are hunting for Brunellus, the abbot's favorite horse, 15 hands, the fastest in your stables, with a dark coat, a full tail.' A few minutes later, monks and servants reappeared, leading the horse by its halter. 'And now tell me'—in the end I could not restrain myself—'how did you manage to know?' 'My good Adso,' my master said, 'during our whole journey I have been teaching you to recognize the evidence through which the world speaks to us like a great book.'"

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Books

Clinging Oak

WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?
by Heywood Hale Broun
St. Martin's; 215 pages; $14.95

The doctor looks down and pronounces judgment: "This child is dying." The mother's reply: "Don't you think he speaks English, you dumb son of a bitch? Pack your bag and get out!" The boy recovers and grows into an excruciating adolescence. He tentatively displays a picture of his new girlfriend. The father's response: "What are you doing in drag?"

"Woodie" Broun

Surviving in such an emotional climate was a challenge that Heywood Hale Broun was barely able to meet. It has taken the television commentator 50 years to recover, and even now he bears scars. Yet in this poignant memoir, Broun, 65, manages to salute two forthright eccentrics who "probably shouldn't have gotten married; probably should never have had a child; and probably shouldn't, after 17 years of marriage, have gotten divorced."

The child, called Woodie, was named for his father, one of the most popular and whimsical journalists of his time. Typically, at the zenith of a Florida hurricane, the elder Broun took his son to a golf driving range. Swinging a nine iron, he yelled over the wind: "You'll never get distance like this again." He got more mileage from his columns, evocative pieces that spoke knowledgeably about politics, baseball and Broadway. Between deadlines he founded the Newspaper Guild and remained its president until his death in 1939. Ten thousand mourners attended his funeral.

RUSSELL ABBESS
Broun Sr.

Woodie's mother, Ruth Hale, was an early feminist and first president of the Lucy Stone League, a group of married women who retained their own names. Friends called the couple "the clinging oak and the sturdy vine." The Brouns believed in absolute equality of the sexes and ages; what better place to demonstrate their faith than in the home? Accordingly, the boy who ached to be special was instructed to call his parents by their first names, just like everyone else. When he was seven, Ruth gave him lessons in deportment: "May I remind you of the words of Oscar Wilde? A gentleman is never unintentionally rude."

There were no curfews; instead, Woodie was put on his honor to be home on time for adult dinner parties. "Was I not," he asks, "in the sad fiction we were maintaining, a co-host?" That fiction held him tighter than chains. "I did not even sulk," recalls the author, "since honor forbids sulking, but rage ran through my head." It worked itself out through his body. The miniature adult suffered from a debilitating series of allergies and diseases.

As Woodie slowly pieced himself together, his home disintegrated. Heywood Sr., a large, rumpled man of prodigious appetites, prided himself on looking like an unmade bed. It was a bed that welcomed many female visitors. The warring Brouns kept the marriage alive by retreating to separate houses. Woodie shuttled between them until he was forced to choose between parents. He opted to live with his father, a decision that merely added to his misery and guilt. A year after the divorce, in 1934, Ruth was dead. Broun Sr., a lifelong atheist, converted to Roman Catholicism shortly before his death at 51. He left behind a bewildered preppie who, for years afterward, wanted only "to set up a house where my parents could go on living, a place with three floors and a basement, one floor for each of us and a basement where we could all get together."

Whose Little Boy Are You? is that basement. Here, three souls continue to skirmish in a classic recollection of liberalism carried to the point of tyranny. Perhaps in her reading, Ruth Hale ran across another observation by Oscar Wilde: "Children begin by loving their parents. After a time they judge them. Rarely, if ever, do they forgive them." This is one of those rare and rueful times. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

Shotgun Satire

DULUTH
by Gore Vidal
Random House; 214 pages; $13.95

Gore Vidal's novels, plays and essays can be divided roughly into three areas of animosity. The first is the author's belief that Western civilization erred when it abandoned pagan humanism for the stern, heterosexual authority of the Judaeo-Christian patriarchy. See *Julian*, his 1964 novel about the apostate nephew of Constantine the Great. The second area that draws Vidal's scorn is American politics, which he dramatizes as a circus of opportunism and hypocrisy. See *The Best Man; Washington, D.C.; Burr*. The most freewheeling disdain is directed at popular culture, macho sexuality and social pretensions. See *Myra Breckinridge; Myron* . . .

And now, *Duluth*. The novel is a shotgun satire of, among other things, the

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Books

modern literary racket, from assembly line romances to academic criticism. Take, for example, Vidal's mock theory of *après* poststructuralism: "Corollary to the relative fictive law of absolute uniqueness is the *simultaneity effect*, which is to fiction what Miriam Heisenberg's law is to physics. It means that any character can appear, simultaneously, in as many fictions as the random may require." This is meant to explain why characters who die in *Duluth* can reappear in a TV show of the same name or a romance novel by a Rosemary Klein Kantor. Duluth is dislocated along the Mexican border next to "the winding Colorado River that empties into palm-lined Lake Erie."

Ms. Kantor is a Prospero with a word processor hooked to a memory bank stuffed with 10,000 popular novels. Her books are put together with pieces of these old fictions. But there can be glitches: "Rosemary's word processor is on the blink and she is not getting the sort of scenes that *Rogue Duke* needs. But *Redbook* is pressing her. So Rosemary tries to dredge up some Georgette Heyer channel-packet stuff. Instead Rosemary gets a Bulwer-Lytton trireme, by mistake."

Deprived multitudes who do not know that a trireme was a three-tiered galley and Edward George Bulwer-Lytton was the author of *The Last Days of Pompeii* may have more luck with the gummy red spaceship that moves around the outskirts of Duluth. It contains a race of highly competent centipedes who can change themselves into beautiful women or Hubert Humphrey. The aliens do not threaten the commonweal nearly as much as do the Aztec Terrorists Society, a black drug dealer named Big John and Police Lieutenant Darlene Ecks, who enjoys strip-searching suspects.

Vidal recycles grotesques reminiscent of *Myra Breckinridge*. He also programs a lot of cultural software: the racially balanced TV news team, the English butler from Duluth's elegant Garfield Heights section who asks a visitor, "Whom shall I say is calling she?" and the ludicrous prose of costume romance—"Beryl flares her nostrils inadvertently, an effect not unlike that of a *pomme soufflée* getting its second wind." There are also efforts to get laughs from the subject of comparative genitalia.

JILL KREMENTZ

Gore Vidal

Duluth is clever throughout but only sporadically funny. One might think that Vidal, after all these years, would have wearied of scourging his fellow citizens for their bad taste, greed and unpardonable urge to procreate. But his reserve of disdain appears endless. He could no sooner shut it off than a vampire could forgo his nightcap.

—*By R.Z. Sheppard*

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Unvarnished Symphonies

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His concentration is so intense that when conducting Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* at La Scala, he never noticed the earthquake that rattled the giant chandelier. He suffers from such crippling stage fright that he vomited onto the score of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* during a performance in Stuttgart. He is such a perfectionist that he demanded, and got, 34 rehearsals for Berg's *Wozzeck* in Munich. He is so much the misanthrope that he can terrify performers; "I like it very much," he once told a blushing soprano. "I like it very much if you would not sing any more." Clearly, Carlos Kleiber is no ordinary maestro.

Eccentric, surely; demanding, assuredly. But, above all, brilliant. Like an expert art restorer who clears away centuries of grime to reveal a painting in its native, pristine glory, Kleiber, 52, strips away the varnish from some of music's most tradition-encrusted masterworks to expose the vital creation still lurking beneath. His infrequent performances have become events in Europe: *Tristan* at Bayreuth, *Wozzeck*, *Die Fledermaus* and *La Traviata* at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, *Otello* at La Scala. Last week, for only the second time, Kleiber came to the U.S. for a series of three orchestral concerts with the Chicago Symphony.

Kleiber's performances are broad, expansive and sometimes ferociously radiant. For him the musical line is paramount, colored and heightened with innumerable fine details. In the *English Idyll No. 1*, a rarely heard pastorale by George Butterworth, a British composer killed in World War I, Kleiber captured the gentle work's Constable-like air with tenderness and restraint. Yet a brief, *Tristan*-like phrase in the strings did not go unremarked; at one stroke, the piece became darker, more complex and emotionally deeper.

In the Mozart *Symphony No. 33*, Kleiber again strove for a seamless quality, but his insistence on lyricism at the expense of rhythmic vitality made the music overly reflective. The Brahms *Second Symphony*, however, was masterly. Here, the conductor's quest for the telling detail paid off in a performance of striking subtlety, yet one infused with granitic strength. "Under him, every note comes alive," says Concertmaster Victor Aitay with awe. "That's why we are here, not to play the Brahms *Second Symphony* for the 2,000th time, but for the first time."

Probably no other major conductor has built an international reputation on as small an output as Kleiber's. This is due to his fierce, even frantic, insistence that conditions must be perfect or he will cancel. Unlike most musicians, who thrive on the cheers of the crowds, Kleiber is indifferent to the glamour of performing. He prefers to stay home in suburban Munich with his wife and two children, savoring his large collections of literature and recordings. Interviews are out. Says Peter Jonas, artistic administrator of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, who handled the delicate negotiations with Kleiber: "He has never worried about his position in society. He is a perfectionist, and he does what he thinks is right, regardless."

BILL SMITH

Carlos Kleiber on the podium leading the Chicago Symphony

A query for the orchestra: "Don't you ever smile?"

As rare as his personal appearances are, Kleiber's recordings are even rarer. There are only nine releases, comprising four operas, five symphonies and a piano concerto with Soloist Sviatoslav Richter. His most recent album, a *Tristan* with a vocally splendid Margaret Price as Isolde, is vintage Kleiber: a sharply focused series of violent encounters, whose accumulated tension is finally dissipated only by the glorious release of Isolde's *Liebestod*.

The disc that first brought Kleiber widespread renown was his 1975 recording of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. With the musicians of the Vienna Philharmonic following his baton as if their lives depended on it, which perhaps they did, Kleiber fashioned a performance that unfolded with the clarity of a Euclidean proposition, yet had the intensity of a hammer blow. Hailed as a revelation, it was, more accurately, a literal re-creation of what the composer put down on paper: it was as if Homer had come back to recite the *Iliad*.

It is rare for children of famous performers to be successful in the same field, but Kleiber appears to have inherited his gifts from his father, Conductor Erich Kleiber. Yet Carlos has achieved his eminence almost in spite of, not because of his father. "What a pity he is 'musical,'" lamented the elder Kleiber to his wife in 1939. Born in Berlin, but raised in South America when the family exiled itself from Nazi Germany, young Carlos was sent to Switzerland to study chemistry at first. His talent, however, proved irresistible, and in 1954 he made his conducting debut in Potsdam. He worked his way through the ranks of provincial opera houses, stopping in Düsseldorf, Zurich and Stuttgart. Since 1968 Kleiber has confined his activity to only a handful of major cities.

Despite his fearsome reputation, Kleiber in Chicago was affable, even humorous in rehearsals, often illustrating his musical goals with an apt visual image (an adroit polyglot, he speaks six languages). Requesting a brief ritard in the Mozart, he told the musicians that the passage should go "like a parent tugging a child away from a toy-store window as they walk along the street." After the first run-through of the Brahms finale, Kleiber turned to the sea of sober faces before him, put down his baton and inquired, "Don't you ever smile?" The next reading had just the quality of exultation he was seeking.

Such an unorthodox approach was not universally admired. Some players found Kleiber difficult to follow, his beat unclear. "He has a rather poor communication technique with the baton," complained a cellist. But it is part of his method not to beat time relentlessly; any traffic cop can do that. Rather, Kleiber strives for a chamber music ideal, in which each member of the ensemble must listen to his colleagues. "He is leading the players to a conception, rather than simply giving a beat to follow," notes Jonas. Alas, those conceptions from Kleiber are far too few in number. All the more reason, then, to prize them for the marvelous moments they are and to wish, however futilely, that music could be like this more often. —***By Michael Walsh. Reported by Franz Spelman/Munich***

Computers

Short Circuiting Reference Books

Students are beginning to tap into on-screen encyclopedias

Rarely have school librarians seen so many children so eager to get at the encyclopedia. At Lindbergh School in Palisades Park, N.J., about 600 pupils a week read it. At Princeton High School in Princeton, N.J., 30 children a day use it. At Palisades Park High School, 15 students line up each weekday by 8 a.m. to get their chance to scan it. The object of all this excitement is the *Academic American*, an electronic encyclopedia.

The *Academic American Encyclopedia* is carried by the Dow Jones News Retrieval service and Bibliographic Retrieval Services, two information data base systems. Dow Jones News/Retrieval also carries business and financial news, while Bibliographic Retrieval Services supplies information on academic and scientific research. The two firms provide the electronic encyclopedia to some 90,000 subscribers, including 200 public and university libraries and eight schools in three states. Customers can hook up to the encyclopedia with a personal computer over a telephone line or via cable television. Average price for the service: 60¢ a minute during the day with a personal computer or as low as $22 a month by cable.

The electronic encyclopedia is exactly the same as the printed version of the *Academic American*, published by Grolier Inc., which consists of 21 volumes, 28,000 articles and 9 million words. By comparison, the older and more respected *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has 30 volumes and 43 million words, while the *World Book* has 22 volumes and roughly 10 million words. Computerization, though, makes it relatively easy to update the *Academic American*, and a new version comes out every six months. An updated edition of the *Britannica* is published only annually, and the *World Book* is also modified once a year.

The first priority for the new encyclopedia's developers was ease of use. Dow Jones News/Retrieval tested the encyclopedia on 25 sixth-graders before putting it on the market. Said Richard J. Levine, editorial director of Dow Jones' information services: "Our goal was to make it so easy to use that you wouldn't need an instruction booklet. No one has ever tried to make such a complex thing so simple."

Children report that using the electronic *Academic American* is both effortless and more fun than studying printed volumes. To look up the life of Winston Churchill, for example, a student first types in a few words to make contact with the computer and hook up to the encyclopedia service. He or she then begins an electronic search. If just the word Churchill is typed, a choice of eight items is given, from Churchill River in Newfoundland to Sir Winston. After selecting Sir Winston, the student is offered six sections of an article about different phases of Churchill's life, as well as a bibliography. The student can read the material simply by pressing the number key that corresponds to the selection wanted.

JOHN MCGRAIL

Princeton High students show off the printed and electronic versions of the *Academic American*

"It's easier to type into a keyboard than to flip through pages."

Each section is about 300 words long. The articles have cross references to other sections of the encyclopedia; a student reading about Churchill, for example, is steered to an article on the Battle of Britain. If the student's computer is connected to a printer, copies of any information shown on the screen can easily be made.

Academic American, which has been used by schools since last September, has earned high marks from students. Says Jennifer Lombardi, 11, a sixth-grader at Lindbergh, "It's better than going to a book because it's easier to type into a keyboard than to flip through pages." Notes Adrian Treves, 14, a ninth-grader at Princeton High: "It's especially good for ancient history and English reports." Sums up Herbert Highfield, director of Princeton High's library: "If popularity indicates success, then this new encyclopedia is very successful indeed."

Not everyone, however, is enthusiastic about the electronic *Academic American*. Librarian Rosalie Pagano at Palisades Park High is worried that "students are relying too much on it. I wish they would transfer their interest to books." Observes Kenneth Kister, editor of the *Encyclopedia Buying Guide*: "*Academic American* was created under extreme deadline pressure. It's good, but not as well written as *World Book* or as comprehensive as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*."

Other leading encyclopedia publishers have adopted a cautious attitude toward electronic versions of their reference books. For the past two years, *World Book* has tested an electronic encyclopedia on CompuServe, another computerized information service, but stopped offering it last month. The company says that the electronic version was not equal to the printed one because it was not illustrated. Since 1981 *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has been experimenting with a computerized version on Mead Data Central's Nexis system. But Mead's service is aimed at businesses and lawyers rather than schools and families.

Despite the caution of other publishers, Grolier remains optimistic about computerized reference sources. Says Frank Farrell, president of the electronic-publishing division: "We intend to break the constrictions of the printed page and make reading more dynamic." The firm is already planning a video-disc encyclopedia that may use laser technology. This would allow a student with a divided terminal screen to hear a Beethoven symphony while reading an article about the composer. —**By Robert T. Grieves**

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Memories of a Heavyweight

Jack Dempsey: 1895-1983

He won the heavyweight championship of the world 64 years ago from Jess Willard and lost it seven years later to Gene Tunney, but right up until the day he died last week, many still thought of Jack Dempsey as champion. And one could not think of Dempsey without thinking of Babe Ruth, Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Red Grange. Other athletes have survived to 87, but no other period in sport, and maybe not just in sport, has lingered so glamorously long. The '20s not only roared, they remained.

In one of life's delightful juxtapositions, reasonable people are capable of making memories of events that occurred years before they were born, never letting a technicality that slight exclude them from an argument as rich as the "long count" fight of 1927. Failing to withdraw to a neutral corner, as a new rule required after knockdowns, Dempsey inadvertently allowed Tunney perhaps 14 seconds to defog his head in the seventh round and go on to outpoint Jack for a second time. "The best thing that ever happened to both of us was the long count," Dempsey said a few years ago. "Half the people thought he won, the other half thought I won. They're still arguing about it."

Dempsey never contested either loss to Tunney, a wonderful boxer but a colorless fighter whose unforgivable sins were that he read books and beat Dempsey. "Honey, I forgot to duck," Dempsey told his wife after the first fight, a line President Reagan found use for 55 years later. When Tunney died in 1978 at the age of 80, Dempsey said, "Now I feel alone."

The champion comes out of his corner (1923)

Gibbons was beaten, Shelby was bankrupted.

He was Kid Blackie before he was Jack Dempsey, and he was William Harrison Dempsey before that. Also the Manassa Mauler, for the Colorado cow town where he was born on June 24, 1895. Toughening his face by marinating it in brine, hardening his jaw by chomping pine gum, Dempsey set out hoboing across the West and brawling in saloons. "You and your opponent would go at it," he expained, "and if the bar patrons liked it, they'd pass the hat."

Names conjured more romance then. Jess Willard was the Pottawatomie Giant. Georges Carpentier was the Orchid Man. Luis Angel Firpo, the Argentine, was the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Those were Dempsey's great foes. Knocked clear through the ropes by Firpo in the second round, Dempsey came back to floor the Wild Bull an eighth, ninth and tenth time.

In Dempsey's lore of names there is also a town: Shelby, Mont. (1923 pop. 2,000). The way Johnstown had a flood, Shelby had a prizefight. Hankering to be a world capital for a day, Shelby constructed a 40,000-seat arena for a Dempsey–Tommy Gibbons fight, only to have trouble raising the $300,000 guarantee required by Dempsey's rascally manager Jack ("Doc") Kearns. ("Give Doc 1,000 lbs. of steel wool," it was said, "and he'll knit you a stove.") Barely 7,000 people paid to see the fight: the rest crashed the fences. Two banks failed. The town virtually bankrupted itself. And Dempsey beat Gibbons, who was not paid.

Another Dempsey contribution to language was "million-dollar gate," his 1921 knockout of Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City being the first. In an unusual result for fighters of any day, he kept some of the money. Before settling into the window table at Jack Dempsey's Broadway restaurant in Manhattan, he tried a little barnstorming, some refereeing. Always he was available to bat out an occasional dilettante, like Writer Paul Gallico or Financier J. Paul Getty. After he closed the restaurant in 1974, Dempsey returned full time to being heavyweight champ.

—By Tom Callahan

MARRIAGE REVEALED. Dan Aykroyd, 30, wild and crazy Canadian comic actor and writer (*The Blues Brothers, Trading Places*); and **Donna Dixon,** 25, actress (TV's *Bosom Buddies* series), who met him last year while the two were making *Doctor Detroit;* both for the first time; in Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.; on April 29. They decided to keep the wedding quiet so it would not be used as publicity for their movie.

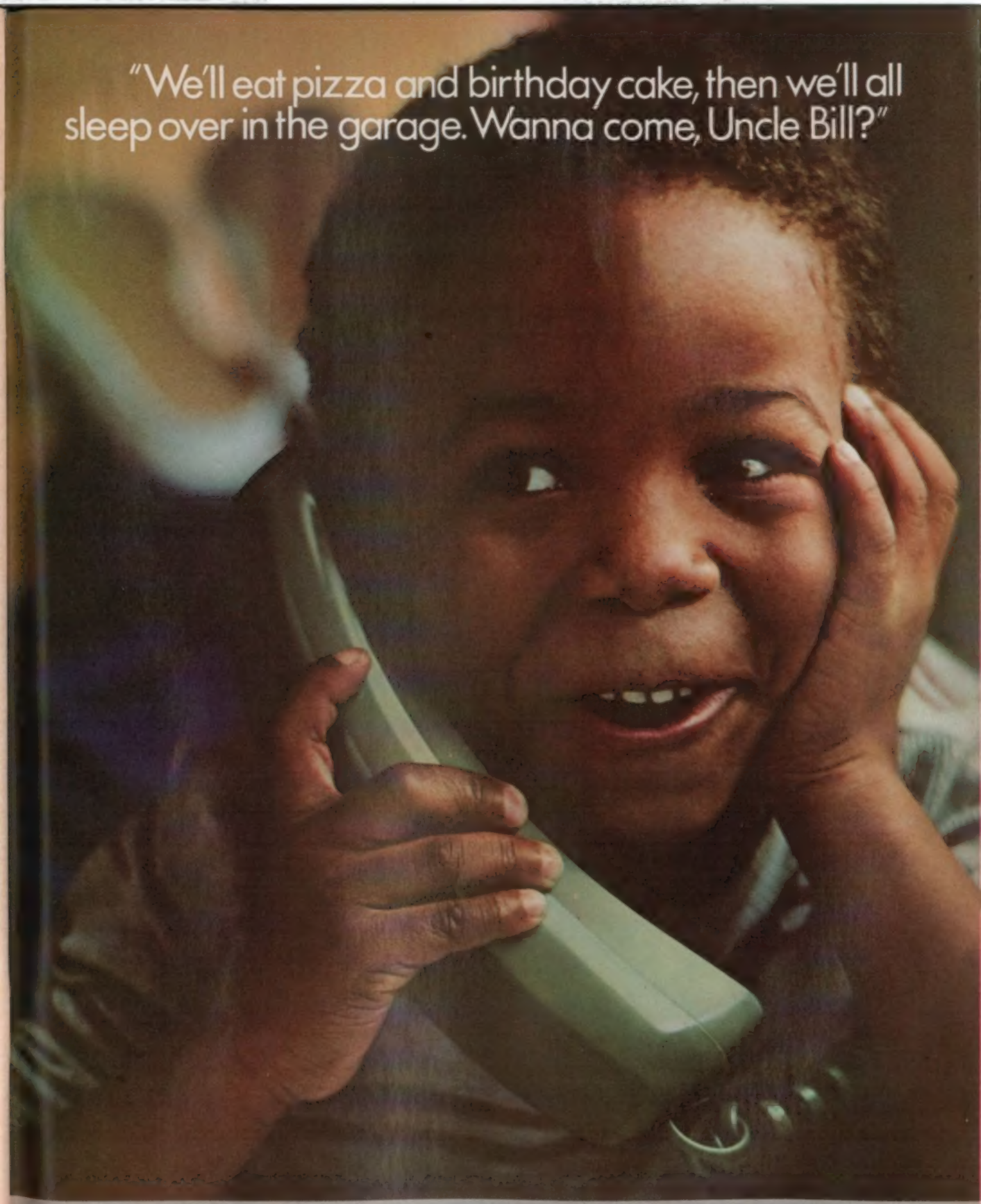
DIVORCED. Robert MacNeil, 52, TV journalist and co-host of PBS's nightly *MacNeil/Lehrer Report;* and **Jane Doherty MacNeil,** 42, antiques dealer and photographers' and jewelers' agent; after 18 years of marriage (his second, her first), two children; in White Plains, N.Y.

DIED. Donald Gramm, 56, aristocratic American bass-baritone, one of opera's most respected and versatile singer-actors as well as a celebrated interpreter of art songs, who used his sonorous and flexible voice, impeccable musicianship and instinctive dramatic ability to create dozens of finely calculated characterizations; of a heart attack; in New York City.

DIED. Alfred M. Gruenther, 84, four-star U.S. Army general who was right-hand man to Generals Dwight Eisenhower and Mark Clark in World War II and European commander of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization from 1953 to 1956; of pneumonia; in Washington, D.C. Gruenther was able to crunch huge amounts of data down to the essentials, earning the nickname "the brain." Recommended for the NATO post by Ike, Gruenther kept Allied forces in such a high state of readiness that some NATO members concluded, to his distress, that they could cut their troops and attend to other commitments.

DIED. Arvid Pelshe, 84, Latvian Communist who was the oldest member of the Soviet Union's ruling Politburo and, as the token representative of the Baltic states, perhaps its least influential; after a long illness. Last of the old Bolsheviks who played a leading role in the October Revolution of 1917, Pelshe worked as a secret policeman and political commissar; when the Soviet army occupied his country in 1940, he became one of its new rulers. Elevated to the Politburo in 1966, Pelshe headed the Party Control Committee, which oversees the discipline of party members. His death reduces membership in the Politburo, which has numbered as many as 16, to a scant eleven, prompting speculation that Party Chief Yuri Andropov may soon make appointments.

DIED. Milton R. Young, 85, quiet-spoken Republican Senator from North Dakota (1945-81), who was dubbed "Mr. Wheat" for his farm-bloc leadership and his advocacy of constituents' agricultural interests and who served the greatest number of consecutive years for a Republican Senator; of cancer; in Sun City, Ariz.



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